TORONTO SATURDAY LIGHT.

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Around Town.

Talking with the Hon. G. W. Ross the other day we drifted into the question of the disposal of the $6,000 granted by the city to the University as a settlement of the Park and Avenue dispute. He told me there was likely to be a different disposal—nominally at least—of the money. Under the new arrangement the $6,000 will go directly to the University instead of to endow the chairs of mineralogy and English literature. "You see," said he, "the Province cannot vote money to the University, but we can get it for the School of Science. The University needs the $6,000 for general purposes, and it will amount to the same thing, as we will have the branches taught in the School of Science which the city was anxious its money should be used to establish in the University. My idea is to have sanitary science, mining, mechanical and electrical engineering as well taught in the School of Science as they are anywhere in the world, and also to afford complete instruction in the resistance of cements, the use of lathes, the building of steam engines, the sustaining power of building material and all subjects connected with mechanical work. We intend to add to the lecture staff in the various departments, and my "pet" idea is to have a lecturer in architecture and architectural history who will teach such branches as the sanitation, ornamentation and acoustics of buildings. This lecturer will be able to instruct our youth in the various styles of architecture, Grecian, Gothic, Elizabethan, etc.,—a magnificent subject! I believe it will do an immense deal to cultivate the taste of students. We will have thousands of photographs of great cathedrals and ancient buildings which will be exhibited by a lime light so that the student will see all their peculiarities and understand the construction of those great edifices almost as well as if he had seen them."

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"I would like to see," said Mr. Ross warming up, "our School of Science rival anything on the continent and be a second Cornell if it cannot be its superior. I have visited several of these institutions and Cornell and the Boston School of Technology I think are perhaps the best. We are contemplating spending $15,000 in construction and in the course of two years another $10,000 in the fitting up of laboratories and that sort of thing. I am in favor of changing the name to the Ontario School of Engineering so that our lads won't think it necessary to go away from Canada to obtain the best possible education in these branches. You see if this is done the city will have no reason to complain that the branches they desire are left untaught. The School of Science will be thoroughly a workingman's institution and will be for the benefit of the class you take so much interest in. I think, too," he said, "that Mayor Clarke is satisfied that if the $6,000 goes to the University the government will in this way provide the education he is so anxious to see the masses obtain."

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I don't know anything that has pleased me more than these plans of the Hon. Mr. Ross. I knew him when he was Inspector of Schools in the County of Middlesex. Since then he has become an astute politician, and is without doubt one of the most effective campaigners and party orators in the Dominion. But he has never lost his zeal in the cause of education, and is as practical as ever in his ideas. The plans he has outlined for the School of Engineering show how thoroughly he appreciates the lack of these things in our educational system and how strongly he retains his sympathy with the class from which he and so many of us have sprung.

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The scheme which Mr. James P. Murray and others have been advocating for some time for the establishment of a museum of art in Toronto deserves encouragement. Our artists when they paint a good picture have no opportunity to publicly exhibit it except with the big pumpkins and threshing machines at the Industrial Fair, and I very much doubt whether the class to which such art particularly appeals ever get to see it. Mr. Murray's idea is that the lower floor of the Pavilion should be turned into studios. The upper portion while being retained as a hall should also obtain some of the characteristics of a museum so that pieces of sculpture, old pictures, carvings, curios of all sorts which might be donated by public spirited citizens would find a repository. While I fear that popular opposition would be excited by any plan which would take the Pavilion away from the people, it is apparent that some such place as Mr. Murray advocates is absolutely necessary or else the ambition of our artists and students will never be excited. Now that Toronto is becoming such an educational center this most important branch should not be neglected. Interior decorations, the decorative arts of the home, should receive their share of attention. With growing wealth and more refined tastes patrons of these arts should become more numerous, and while it is fashionable for purchasers to look to other countries for these things, it is easy to see the possibilities of developing native talent. A museum, open to the public both for the purposes of exhibition and inspection, becomes every day a more pressing necessity.

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Lord Sackville West made an ass of himself, and it is useless to attempt to disguise the fact by believing that his intentions were honorable or that he did not know the methods of American politicians. He has been British Minister at Washington nearly ten years, and if that is not long enough for a man to pick up a few points he might stay there for ever and then know nothing. It is eminently proper for Canadian and English papers to put the best face on it possible, but had the American ambassador at the Court of St. James written a letter to the Parnellites on the eve of a general election, there would be a great howdy-do in Downing street. True, the letter was marked private, and so were scores of letters which have been used in Canadian politics. It was not stolen; it was simply a shrewd party scheme, and the author of it was fishing for a sucker and caught one. I would not trust our own politicians a minute under similar circumstances. So it is absurd for us to fly into any spasms of virtue; the record of our own politics makes the assumption of any lofty standard eminently absurd. Many a job has been put up in this fair Province of Ontario not a whit more respectable than the Murchison letter. Telegrams, correspondence and all sorts of things have been stolen and used unblushingly in campaigns, and while they may affect to despise the trick by which the letter of an English gentleman has created such a fracas, politicians in their hearts are admiring the perpetrator of it; and if he were a Torontonian, and the case our own, the Toronto customs collectorship would not be too good for him. It is just as well to be honest about these things; politics are politics, and politicians are politicians, which is not much recommendation, but within this little circuit of words is embraced everything which will make a vote or raise a row.

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It is a shame to revel in anybody's else weakness, but after all it is comforting to see a diplomatist, who has wrestled with the most exalted and polite liars the earth has produced, showing himself capable of making a blunder that the majority of us would have made under the same circumstances. A diplomatist is never expected to tell the truth, or anything else which the common people want to know. He is expected to lie in Parisian French or Oxford English to the governments to which he is sent, the truth being reserved entirely for the Home Office. Remembering this condition of things, all talk about the innocence of an English gentleman having been played upon, becomes nonsense. If ambassadors and plenipotentiaries extraordinary or otherwise, in measuring swords with one another, vie with each other as to how little truth may be made go the longest way and how much they can find out without telling anything, why shouldn't the private citizen, whether his name be Murchison or Smith, embark in this diplomacy business? Can any one give any rule of law, logic or national etiquette which forbids the individual from tackling the diplomacy scheme? I am sorry for Lord Lionel Sackville West De La Ware, begging his pardon if I leave any of his name out; also for Cleveland and British dignity; but when the whole thing is boiled down we find very little but the verdict that Lord Etc., though an esteemed diplomatist and pleasant gentleman, for a brief season made a jassack of himself.

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Every presidential election produces in politics what in Whitechapel phrase might be called "Jack the Ripper." The Rev. Mr. Burchard was not the first gentleman whose wide-open mouth laid waste the chances of a presidential candidate, nor is Lord Sackville West the first victim of the letter-writing mania. The same insane desire to disfigure paper with ink which makes the business of the hayfork swindler a permanent bonanza seems to lure great men to mind other people's business by writing letters which may not turn up until after the writers are dead or turning up may make the writers wish they were dead. The Lord with the occidental name who carries the sack home with him to his ancestral mansion was just about now required as the occasional sacrifice to the letter-writing craze. Some of the young gentlemen who are writing letters to the *Globe* favoring annexation display about the same amount of cleverness. Some day when they are running for Parliament they will sit in a Turkish bath of perspiration while their opponents read their opinion to a giggling audience, and it will take them the remainder of the campaign explaining that their head did not become properly baked till several years after the date of their epistles.

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Some discussion has been excited as to who would make a suitable representative of Great Britain at Washington. I beg leave to nominate that valorous soldier and police court statesman Colonel George Taylor Denison as a fit and proper person to represent this Empire close to the heart of a wicked Yankeedom. His zeal and judicious choice of words would render him eminently fit as a successor to Lord Sackville West and we would soon be able to prove that Great Britain and her colonies have produced two men who at a critical time dare speak the solemn and everlasting truth even if the sun, moon and stars have to take a tumble immediately afterwards. At the Caledonian banquet the other evening the colonel drew his broad claymore and smeared it with the imaginary blood of his hereditary enemies. At Washington he would create a sensation, but at a state banquet, if he followed his usual custom, he would have to have a man-of-war at the door to take him home. I can't imagine how the colonel can sleep o' nights while the spectre of treason and the glare of grim-visaged war are ever so near his bedside. It is to be regretted that his slogan has been so often sounded that the class no longer take alarm, and thus the colonel is kept busy alone and unaided in his relentless pursuit of the foes of the empire. I hope I am loyal and reasonably patriotic, but like the majority of the citizens of this peaceful country I have no time to hunt for spooks. Probably as one of the unterrified multitude I feel safe that the goblins won't get any of us while the colonel stands on guard.

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Mayor Clarke should feel flattered that the *Globe* and *Telegram*, two papers which opposed his election, and have studiously endeavored to lessen his popularity, have announced their esteemed opinion that his re-election should not be opposed. They tell us that with a few trifling exceptions he has made an excellent mayor—of this the entire population of this city was previously aware. They say that it has been customary for our mayors to have a second term, and that it would be unwise to make an effort to change the system just now. This conclusion is eminently correct, but I have grave doubts of the good-will of either paper towards Mayor Clarke. Their statement, however, is at least a confession of the fact that opposition would be useless. The *Globe* singles out as the Mayor's greatest mistake the appointment of Mr. Fullerton to conduct the Board of Works investigation. The way the facts have been brought out during the last few days shows that Mr. Fullerton has been attending to business with a good deal of conscientious ability. I do not imagine that public sympathy is entirely against the contractors and accused city officials, but the result will be more valuable insomuch as the prosecution, except in the person of Ald. Gillespie, is conducted without any manifestation of personal spite or a desire to dog anyone to ruin. It is to be regretted that Ald. Gillespie, who has done good service to the city, and the *Globe*, which has, perhaps, been valuable as a persistent scold, should desire to see investigations conducted in a vindictive spirit. Because Mayor Clarke and Mr. Fullerton have not been breathing out vengeance and ostentatiously thirsting for gore they accuse them of being half-hearted in their work. The disclosures so far made are sufficiently startling to change the previously prevailing suspicion of crookedness into a certainty, but the accused are fortunate in the fact that we have had so many investigations and so much newspaper blather that the public are heartily sick of the whole business and are not disposed to prejudge the case. Nor need we fear that the general apathy will nullify the efforts of the prosecution. The affair is in good hands and we can afford to wait until after the trial before we put anybody to death.

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Toronto theater-goers can thank the management of the Grand Opera House this season for having brought to the city many attractions of unusual excellence, but it must gall legitimate and talented actors to see the crowds flocking to see La Tosca largely because the play when it first appeared was criticized as indecent and to see Mrs. Brown-Potter because she is a celebrity something after the Langtry style. It is not encouraging to see true art and great artists neglected while the horrible and suggestive in the drama and the magnificent wardrobes and newspaper scandals of mediocre amateurs attract crowds who are willing to pay high prices for something that is in itself worthless. Perhaps Mrs. Brown-Potter is a great actress; if so it hasn't taken her long to get that way. At any rate that isn't her attractiveness. Probably it is because people think she is related to Mr. Potter of Texas, or to Mr. Prints of Wales!

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I see that an agitation is being promoted for the establishment of a large music hall in Toronto. The worthy enterprise of Prof. Torrington deserves success. Toronto would do well to add to her attractions annual music and dramatic festivals, and they cannot take place unless a suitable building is provided.

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None of the provincial premiers are having such a red-hot time as Greenway of Manitoba. His hands are full of libel suits, and the air is loaded with rumors of civil war over the refusal of the C. P. R. to grant the Red River Valley Railway a crossing. I don't know anything about the laws made and provided in such cases, but it strikes the average citizen as strange after the Province has spent a few millions in building a railway that it is not permitted to cross the tow-path of some other concern. Laws are queer things anyway. They don't seem to apply to railways. Once get a railway built it seems to be able to absorb everything in sight; popular opinion and the rights of the case amounting to little or nothing. It is rather a dangerous game, however, in the North-West. There seems to be a considerable tendency to settle that sort of thing with a shotgun in the glorious climate of Manitoba.

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What pleasant memories come back to us with Hallowe'en, of boyish pranks and depredations which were fun to us but odious to the victims. And later on of plate-turnings and fortune-tellings at the Hallowe'en festivals where the maiden looked in looking-glasses, up chimneys and in dark places to see the image of the hero who was to come and marry her. And later still as we become too old to get into such mischief ourselves and have to endure the mischief of others, we wonder how the crazy customs of stealing gates, removing signs and smoking out inoffensive people have been able to survive the police force of civilization. But the old customs of Hallowmas eve will probably survive as long as the mischief-loving spirit of boyhood lasts. A good story is told of a great Scotch divine—I think it was Dr. Chalmers—who was a very lively lad in his student days. He was with a party of students who were carrying off a shoemaker's sign, when they were pursued by some of the professors of the university. Chalmers escaped to his room with the plunder, but was beseiged by the dons, who, knocking at his door, heard him reading the scripture, "A wicked and adulterous generation seeketh after a sign, but no sign will be given them."

DON.

Society.

Mrs. John Bain of Wellesley street gave a dinner party on Wednesday last. I hear it is the intention of this charming hostess to give weekly dinner parties during the season. Mrs. Bain also has cards out for an At Home to-day.

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Mrs. Charles Riordan is At Home to day.

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Mrs. Beatty of Queen's Park is also on hospitable thoughts intent, if what I hear be true regarding the resumption of her charming dinner parties.

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After an absence of five months in Europe Mrs. Charles Lindsey returned home on Monday last, having crossed in the Cunarder Servia. Her daughter was left behind in Plymouth, where she will spend the winter with her father-in-law, Col. Leigh.

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A well-known figure and a popular man to boot in military, club and social circles, will be absent from our streets during the next six months, for I hear on the best authority that Major Harrison of the Grenadiers leaves town in a few days' time for a six months' run in Europe, sailing by the White Star liner Britannic.

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The theater party is a downright relief, if managed properly, and many hostesses are doubtless grateful to the inventor of the idea. I hear that at the Savoy Theater, London, England, the guests, bridesmaids and friends of Sir Joseph Weston, occupied forty stalls, after the wedding, the bride and bridegroom having, of course, left for their honeymoon.

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The Irish Gentlemen cricketers have reached dear, dirty Dublin at last, and this is how Mr. J. W. Hynes, in a letter dated from Trinity College, Dublin, Oct. 19, writes regarding Toronto and Canada: "To Canada we can look back with unalloyed pleasure, because there is associated with our visit there nothing but the most pleasing recollections. Every member of the team has some charming memory of Kingston, Ottawa and Hamilton, but of Toronto words fail entirely to express how every one of us enjoyed ourselves there. Time after time our fellows have exclaimed, 'Would to Heaven we were going back to Toronto.' With Lindsay, Shanly, Dickson and Fleury doing their level best to make our visit a jolly one, with such charming people as Mrs. Boulton and Mrs. Nordheimer entertaining us, how else could we feel but thoroughly happy during our stay? Although in thinking of Canada we can recall nothing but pleasant reminiscences, still there is at present associated with them a certain amount of sadness. Our good times are past and gone, for our tour is over. You know how lonely a fellow feels when the old pleasant circle is broken, and how keen he is to come across any of its members in order to live over, as it were, the past events once more. The Johnstons, Fitzgeralds, Synott, Tobin, Lyle, McClintock and myself have spent all our days and nights together since our return to old Trinity. Jack Meldon has been busy reading for a university examination. Our passage across in the City of Rome was a most pleasant one. Many friends were waiting for us at Queenstown, the passengers on the Rome giving us a most enthusiastic farewell. When we arrived in Dublin, another crowd gave us a welcome cheer. We found that during our absence poor William Hore, jr., had died. It was he who brought out the last Irish team to America. He was once—not long ago, either—the best cricketer in Ireland. The same paper which recorded our enthusiastic reception, gave an account of his funeral. What strange vicissitudes do occur in this small world of ours."

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With regard to the remarks of the *Empire* touching a supposed interview between a reporter of the *Freeman's Journal* and Mr. Hynes in relation to the dissatisfaction amongst the Irish team regarding the umpiring in Philadelphia, I can only say from Mr. Hynes' letter he is more than satisfied with the *amende honorable* made by the Philadelphia team.

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It is not given to every man to have the pleasure of reading his own obituary in the morning papers, and only to few is it permitted to realize how much one would be missed without his going away. Mr. G. W. Saunders of the Molson's Bank is one of the remnant which has saved the country. In the early part of last week notice of his removal to the head office at Montreal was received by him with very mixed feelings. Removal means promotion, and whilst the recipient in this case was fully alive to the advantages of the latter, still there are social ties to be considered in such matters, the influence of which was decidedly against removal.

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Mr. Saunders is one of the prominent cricketers in Toronto, consequently it was an utter impossibility to let him go from our midst without a dinner. No sooner said than done. The word was passed and on Saturday night as "choice and pleasant a little dhinner party be me faith," as Ballyhooly Tobin would say, was gathered within the walls of the Rossin House with Messrs. G. G. S. Lindsey in the chair, Harry Brock in the vice-chair, and amongst others Arthur G. Brown, W. F. H. Creelman, A. H. Collins, A. H. S. Hector, Dugald McMurchy, F. S. Dickey, K. H. Cameron, Clarence Bogert, H. J. Bethune, J. F. Thompson, D. W. Saunders, W. H. Godwin and one or two others whose names I cannot recall. The menu was excellent, and from the Duke of York downwards everyone enjoyed it. But the best part of the evening was yet to come. After the cloth was removed (which it never is on these occasions), songs, toasts and sentiment were the rule of the night, Mr. Arthur Brown's rich *tenore robusto* got the inner curve on How I Played Baseball, and other popular songs of the day. His Grace the Duke o' York was well up to concert pitch, in The Heart Bowed Down, and on being encored responded with I Would I Were a Bird in most acceptable fashion. At this period the Italian harpers gave one or two pleasing selections, after which Mr. Dickey awoke the echoes with song and banjo accompaniment. Tender reminiscences of Rosina Vokes evidently stirred the heart of the guest of the evening who sang in an acceptable manner 'Is 'art is True to Poll, followed by D. W. who gave Killalloo with all the honors. The genial chair was obliged to respond to numerous calls for a song in its own inimitable fashion. And then a telegram was read announcing, amidst deafening applause, that Mr. George W. Saunders' removal had been recalled, and that G. W. would still be left to us. But it was a pleasant night, and when it next does chance again, may I be there to see.

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Sir Alexander and Miss Campbell returned from Ottawa this week.

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The late speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Kirkpatrick have left Chestnut Park and returned to Kingston.

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Mr. Arthur Kirkpatrick of the Royal Engineers has come home on leave and is staying at Chestnut Park.

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Mr. Saunders of Exeter, England, has been staying in Toronto. Three years ago Mr. Saunders wintered here and was well known in society.

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Rarely does one house contain so many people on Sunday as were assembled last Sunday at Mr. Yarker's house on Beverley street to pay their last respects to Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker. These ladies left for New York on Monday afternoon, and so many of their friends were present at the Union Station to bid them farewell, that the officials must have thought the occasion was at least a fashionable wedding. By this time Mrs. Yarker and her daughters are many hundreds of miles on their way to Bremen and Dresden. *Bon voyage.*

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Mrs. Ford Jones and the Misses Ford Jones of Gananoque have taken Mr. Yarker's house for the winter, and hardly had it been vacated by the owners when it was taken possession of by its fair lessees.

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The three nights' engagement of the Boston Ideal Opera Company proved as fashionable a fixture as I had anticipated. On Thursday, Friday and Saturday the Grand showed that array of bare shoulders and white shirt fronts which best becomes it. Carmen drew the biggest house, The Daughter of the Regiment the smartest, for most smart people had seen the former opera in Europe. Prominent amongst opera goers were Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt, Miss Robinson, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Captain and Mrs. Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Fergusson, Miss Kingsford, Mrs. Yarker, the Misses Yarker, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Bunting, Miss Kingsford of Ottawa, Miss Gates.

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Too late for more than mere mention this week the bachelors of Tintagel, McCaul street, gave a large evening At Home last night. The cards, Tintagel At Home, with Mr. Grant Stewart's name in one corner and R.S.V.P. in the other led to some confusion in the minds of many of their recipients. A little enquiry however soon explained the mystery. Mr. Grant Stewart is the young and talented elocutionist who has lately come from England to Toronto, and this was to be his introduction to Toronto society. More of it next week.

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Mr. and Mrs. Conway of New York have been staying here for the last two weeks. They came, they saw, they conquered and they will, I think, take home with them as good a report of Toronto hospitality, as others of their townspeople have done before them.

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Miss Kingsford, who has been the guest of Mrs. Beverley Robinson at Sleepy Hollow, returned to Ottawa this week.

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Mr. Napier Robinson came up from Belleville last Saturday, and spent the greater part of this week in town.

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Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt's At Home on Wednesday was very largely attended and very enjoyable.

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Mr. David Macpherson, Lieutenant North-West Mounted Police, has returned to his quarters at Calgary.

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This has been a fashionable week at the Grand

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

1ST.—MDLLE. MARTHA SOUCARET.

2ND.—MDLLE. ANGELE DELROSA.

3RD.—MDLLE. MARIE STEVENS.

4TH.—MDLLE. OLGA NADIASKA.

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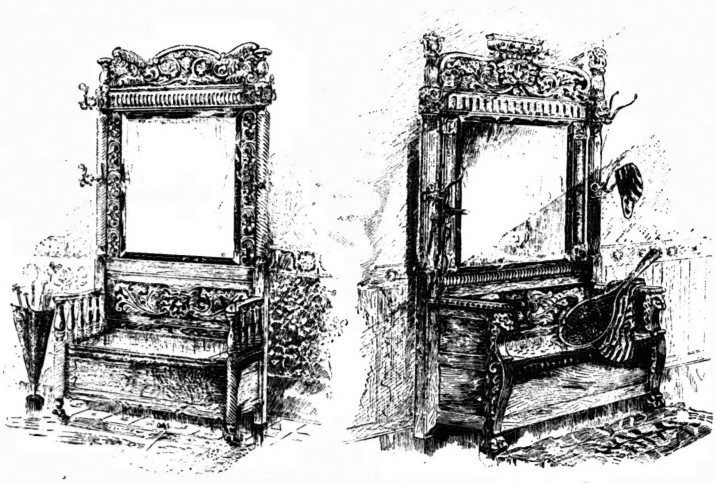

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CHAPTER IX.

IN PRIVATE CONFERENCE.

The firm of Killick & Tully had been in existence for six weeks. The door connecting the two offices had been opened, the duties of the clerks re-adjusted, and Tully was surprised to see how the work had been systematized. Never before had he known a man who could accomplish so much in so short a time as Killick. His head clerk, Caleb Dooley, though himself a barrister, had been reduced to the condition of a machine, and was approaching the meridian of life without ever having dared to try anything unsupported by the advice and instructions of the astute Killick. Little details which Tully had been hitherto forced to personally supervise were quickly transferred to Dooley, and though Tully could scarcely perceive the change he felt that his entire routine duties had been transferred to the bald-headed clerk who never left the office, no matter how late it was, without first knocking at the door of Mr. Killick's room, and then at Tully's, to inquire if there was anything else they would like to have done. At first Tully was rather pleased by the change. It gave him more time to talk politics at the club, and more time to pursue his counsel business. At the end of a fortnight however, when he realized how much of the important business of the firm had drifted entirely away from him, he began to feel uneasy and made petulant demands of Dooley as to why such and such papers had been removed. The clerk never entered into discussion, but went at once and brought them back saying he had presumed Mr. Tully would not care to trouble himself with such small matters; Mr. Killick never did.

"Damn Killick," roared Tully one day; "he is not my model. Don't talk to him to me all the time; you make me tired."

"Certainly not," murmured Dooley apologetically, as he walked slowly backwards towards the door. "Shall I keep a note of these papers in my diary, or will you look after them?"

"Keep a note of them of course, and remind me when there is anything to be done. For that matter you may as well take them away with you," added Tully, looking half-ashamed of his exhibition of temper, "but don't take any more of the papers you find here into the other office without first speaking to me about it."

"But you know, sir, the duties of the clerk who kept your diary have been added to mine, and unless you make a note of these matters the rents, interest, insurance and that sort of thing won't be looked after as promptly as they should be."

Tully hated to look after details, and the interview ended by him instructing Dooley to go through all the papers and make entries in the diary.

The very next day the bustling Dooley was at his elbow with a number of documents referring to Miss Browning's affairs, and very obsequiously reminded him of a neglected duty in the matter of Mrs. King's estate. The thought that he was neglecting even these important matters again angered him but he was exceedingly busy with some important cases in the courts and was obliged to delegate his duty to the tireless Dooley.

"He is a great worker, isn't he, Tully," remarked Killick one day, "I never knew his equal."

"Yes, he is the best office man I ever saw. How much are we paying him?"

"Only a thousand," whispered Killick confidentially, with a triumphant poke of the finger at his partner.

"Do you mean to say that fellow works like he does for a thousand dollars a year instead of practising for himself?"

"Well, hardly," answered Killick with some reticence of manner. "He sees after all my private business and I allow him something for that."

"How much," demanded Tully.

"Well, I do not know as it is material. He certainly earns all we give him but I admit that I pay him nearly as much more. Couldn't keep him if I didn't."

"Oh," answered Tully meditatively, the suspicion passing through his mind that Dooley was the instrument by which Killick meant to seize hold upon the details of the office.

"By the way, Tully," observed Killick, "you have been so busy at the Hall I haven't had a chance to speak to you for a week. Some investments made by your partner for Miss Browning have matured, and there will have to be a re-investment. Of course, as you are one of King's executors you will succeed him as manager of the Browning estate. It must be worth nine or ten hundred a year. You might as well have it as anybody, and it falls naturally to you instead of Stryde or Miss Browning herself."

"I will see about it," answered Tully, somewhat suspiciously.

"Of course," explained Killick, "I do not expect it to be a firm matter you know. Whatever you get will be your own."

"Of course," assented Tully, "but I am very doubtful if Miss Browning or Stryde will let me have it all in my own hands as King had it in his."

"You can manage it, Tully, if you work it right," continued Killick, eagerly. "Don't let a thing like that slip away from you. Dooley can do all the work and keep you from being worried about it. If you think there is any chance of someone else getting it I'll help you put up a scheme to keep it. You know, Tully, it is little things like these which determine the success of a man. If you once get your hands on a good thing never let go, even if you have to do a little pulling to keep it."

Tully was watching curiously the eager and hungry eyes of his partner as he spoke.

"You needn't be afraid Killick that I'll let it go if I can keep it, but Miss Browning has never exhibited any great confidence in me. On the contrary she seems to think me devoid of conscience and is always watching to catch me tripping."

"It is a good sign, Tully, splendid sign," cried Killick slapping Tully on the knee. "She wants to believe in you or she hadn't take the trouble. Depend upon it, man, she is interested in you, in love wish you likely enough, and is only trying to conceal it. Now don't be afraid of me. If I can give you any advice or help, come to me just as you would to your father. I am an older man than you are and I understand men and women pretty well as the next one. She is rich, beautiful, accomplished! Why shouldn't you marry her, Tully! A man like you can marry anybody you want to. You would be a fool to marry poverty when there is wealth waiting for you."

Very few men, even if they are naturally secretive, are unwilling to take the chance of an associate or intimate friend over their matrimonial projects. Almost before he knew it Tully had confided the fact that he would like to marry Miss Dell Browning, but that his chances were apparently poor.

"Quiet down for a spell, Tully. Teach in her Sunday school; go around and visit the poor with her. You needn't keep it up, you know, after you once get solid, though of course it wouldn't hurt you if you did. Show her that you are willing to do anything she wants you to. That will catch her sure."

There was genuine contempt in Tully's eyes as he regarded the animated but repulsive face of his partner.

"I'm no angel, Killick, but I am too much of a man to play the hypocrite and hang around churches and Sunday schools to catch an heiress."

"Yet you do the same sort of thing in court to catch a jury and think it is all right," smiled Killick, blandly, leaning back in his chair and uniting the tips of the fingers of both hands in little pyramid in front of him.

"Yes, but that seems a part of business. It isn't like going to a sacred place and playing the sneak."

Killick laughed softly. "Your ideas of morality and what is manly, are positively amusing. I know you are making a drive at me in what you say, but my feelings are not near my skin at all—it is pretty hard to hurt them. Now, then, in the score of love affairs you are credited with a sweetheart you had to play the hypocrite, and not only make false vows but swear to them?"

"That is a different thing, Killick, though I deny having been as numerous in my attachments as you suggest. I, at least, can feel as if I were telling the truth at the moment, though perhaps I protested a little more than was absolutely justifiable. Everything is fair in love and war."

"That is exactly it, Tully, and what doesn't come under the head of love, can be easily classed under the caption of war. Business is all war; getting money is war; keeping it is war; getting a position, either professionally or in society, is war. Your own rule legitimizes everything that I suggest, and as to making one's self feel that one really believes what one is saying or is justified in what one is doing, religion generally is ahead of love-making, for the enthusiasm of the moment is unfailing adds to the sincerity of one's sayings and doings. I am just as well aware as you are that I am not an exemplary character on while I may be quite engaged in church work I feel good, and it isn't as much to make other people believe that I am not all bad as it is to retain a good opinion of myself which impels me to a Christian life."

The very perceptible grin on Tully's face, caused by the last few words, led Killick to add, with an explanatory wave of his hand:

"Outwardly at least, and I think it is much better to even assume a virtue which we have not, than to take pride in declaring to the world that we are without it."

"I admire your candor in confessing that you are lacking in some of the virtues you assume, and I suppose I ought to thank you for the delicate compliment contained in the hint that I am in the same condition, but without sense enough to conceal it."

Killick had his face turned up to the ceiling, his head leaning over the back of his chair, his short pudgy legs extended and the warty hands with glistening red hairs on the back of them were folded complacently on his capacious vest. He continued to look at the ceiling rather than at Tully as he answered, "I think it is a mistake to formulate truths so bluntly. Smart sayings of that kind are very uncomfortable when they get into the mouth of somebody else but I must confess that your statement of the case is very neat, and contains many elements of truth."

Suddenly straightening himself up he shook his freckled forefinger at Tully, pursed up his lips and remarked, "There is one thing I suppose we might as well understand, that there are no pretences necessary between us. You understand me—I understand you! This mutual appreciation of one another makes any moral lecture unnecessary, in fact it makes any morality itself unnecessary except in our relations to one another. Everyone else is fair game, eh!"

"Aren't you afraid that this system of considering everyone fair game may after a while be applied to one another," inquired Tully.

"No, I'm not. Each one will need this other to protect him. A man can't get along alone. For a long time I have relied on Dooley, but he is not presentable. He can't carry out any big scheme. You are handsome and dashing, and can accomplish things I dare not undertake without your assistance. I am the schemer to prepare the plans—to make the bullets, as it were, for you to shoot. You could not get along very well without me. There is plenty for us both. Don't be suspicious of me, Tully!"

Tully made no answer. With his hands deep in his pockets he stood meditatively gazing in his partner's face. It made Killick feel uneasy. A silent scrutiny has that effect on the majority of false and crafty men. They seem to imagine it necessary, in order to comply with the rule that an honest man can always look you in the face, to return a stare with interest. It is a difficult and unpleasant thing for one man to look another in the eyes; there is usually no reason why he should; it is much easier and more self-respecting to avert one's face from an impertinent stare. The false man dare not let his eyes shift, but endeavors to get over the disagreeable position by adorning his face with a smile which more than anything else declares the embarrassment of his position and the deception in his heart. But if he does not desire to be pleasing, the stare with which he answers his scrutiny of another is accompanied by a frown or a fierce demand as to what his inquisitor is looking at. Killick was trying to be pleasing and insinuating. His projecting teeth were garlanded by his coarse lips into what was intended to be a soft smile, but which more resembled the grinning grin of a hungry tiger enjoying the reminiscence of a long-digested meal.

"Come into the other room, Tully, and try some of Cahn's brandy. The day's work is over and I'll join you in a little nip."

Tully followed him through the vault door observing Killick's uneasiness with a half-contemptuous smile.

As the old lawyer filled a goblet with the liquor he remarked, "I think this is pretty good proof of my confidence in you. I am doing something which no other man has seen me do in twenty years."

"Indeed," sneered Tully, "I am doing what the world is welcome to see me do at any time."

"Ah, Tully, but it doesn't taste as sweet to you as it does to me. Stolen sweets you know! Let us drink to the health of Killick & Tully."

"Here goes," answered Tully, his eyes opening with astonishment to see his senior swallow a tumbler of neat brandy at a gulp. "You seem to drink that as if you were used to it."

"Well, perhaps I am," replied the older man, pouring out another tumbler of over his liquor. "I cannot take enough of it to affect me. I could drink a bottleful, eat a couple of candles, go out on the street, and no one would suspect me of having taken a drop. Have some more."

Tully took another glass and Killick again filled his tumbler.

"In ten years," said he, "you ought to be a rich man if you look after half the chances I'll throw in your way. I have got nearly enough now. It isn't money I am after as much as it used to be. It is ambition."

"What is your ambition, Killick?"

"I'll tell you some other time. Let us pull together and there is nothing in this city that we can't divide between us."

"You are a good divider, Killick. I know that by experience. You very successfully divided up everything I ever had. I hope after this you will get a new system of division in which you won't be the divisor and I the dividend."

"Don't make any reference to the past, Tully. I had to do it to get you into line. Now we are working together there won't be any more of that."

As Tully strolled thoughtfully homeward he tried to solve the problem of Killick's intentions. "The old schemer could have no designs on Dell Browning's little fortune or he would not have suggested the advisability of marrying her. Perhaps he thinks he could rob her more easily if she were my wife and I had control of her money," thought Tully, with a bitter smile. "I hope he may have the chance. I'll win her even if I have to take his advice and play the hypocrite to do it. But why play the hypocrite? Isn't it possible for me to sincerely interest myself in her pursuits? I have had enough of this infernal deception and recklessness."

It was raw and gusty and the rain was beginning to fall. He buttoned up his coat tightly, raised his umbrella and was hurrying along Kirkcaldy street full of his new resolution. He had determined to forsake his old habit of dropping into the club on his way home to dinner, and was just opposite the door with the umbrella held close before his face when he collided with Miss Cora Burnham.

"Why, Steve," she exclaimed, "have you been in leaving the office. I have been watching to get a word with you before you go home."

Tully frowned ominously: "This is no time nor place for a meeting, Cora."

"Then come up to night, it is important. Something about Killick!"

"All right, about nine," he replied curtly, turning sharply into the club, and feeling justified in drinking a couple of brandies and sodas to take the chill out of his blood. Later he joined a party of friends and decided to have his dinner down town, mentally excusing himself for his early departure from his resolution by the thought that it was pretty hard for a man and a man to do right when he was in partnership with a rogue like Killick and tangled up with a girl like Cora.

(To be Continued.)

Signal Service.

A man connected with the signal service, on going home late at night, encountered a footpad at a lonely corner of the street. The man in the gap business requested the gentleman to "stand and deliver. And so he did, delivering a telling blow on the fellow's nose, which caused him to see more stars than are traveling this season, and their own special combinations. "This is a mere local disturbance,' said the weather bureau man, who was getting into a higher temperature, 'but look out for a cyclone from the north-west, attended by hail," and the blows hailed on his adversary at a furious rate. The foot-pad was not prepared for this, having previously dealt with customers who not only turned over all the portable property they had but gave him their note for thirty days besides. He tried to escape from the existing area of low pressure in an eastward direction, with a more or less deflection towards the north, as the arrow indicates——, although that depends on how you hold the paper. The storm centre moved rapidly in the same direction, catching him in the lower lake region with a No. 10 boot, resulting in a falling bar-room-eter. As the Signal man resumed his homeward way, he softly murmured, "Slightly warmer but clearing weather!"

Rather Absent-Minded.

The following story is told in the "Baron Recollections of Courts and Society" of Baron de Bourgoing:—

"I am extremely distrait," he said, "and my marriage was the result of my absence of mind. When I was a young man I fell in love with a charming girl I used to meet at balls and parties. I found out that she reciprocated my sentiments, and obtained her permission to speak to her father.

"The next morning I called on him, was shown into his study, and presented myself as a suitor for his daughter's hand. The old nobleman seemed surprised at first; but when I assured him of the sincerity and stability of my affections, he offered no further objections, and accepting me as his son-in-law, sent for his daughter.

"As the door opened I ran to greet my *fiancée*—I was another young lady—your mother, my child," he continued, suavely smiling at Mdile. de Bourgoing.

"I had abstractedly come to the wrong house, presented my suit with the wrong father, and been given the wrong wife; but of course I could not retract or put upon the young person the indignity of refusing her. She did not live long," he added, with great serenity. "Pray take some more wine!"

A Terrific Encounter.

One of the commonest ordeals to which novices were subjected in the painters' studios in Paris was the paint-brush duel. The two latest arrivals were stripped to the waist and perched on very high stools face to face at arm's length. They were then armed with big brushes filled with color, one with Prussian blue, and the other with crimson lake, and the duel b-gan. Perfect strangers to each other, and having no lists to avenge, the combatants went very gingerly to work at the out-set, anxious to keep their balance and avoid being daubed with paint. But, stimulated by the shouts of the spectators, they gradually warmed to their work. A first blow was struck and returned; wavering, staggering, and writhing, the poor fellows with their bodies all splashed with paint, broke their brushes and rolled on the floor, where they exchanged their blue and red scores in a hand to hand fight which ended in the duellists fraternally soaping and washing each others's wounds.

A Pensioned Brigand.

Under the *regime* of the Bourbons it was no uncommon thing for the government to enter into legal compacts with the banditti that infested Campania, and to pay them certain fixed sums. That the present Italian Administration should have on its Civil List a bandit in the receipt of regular pay seems hardly credible, but is a fact nevertheless.

On the Island of Ischia there lives an old man who in his "better days" was a notorious robber-captain, a man of great enterprise, and possessing remarkable talent for organization, who baffled all the attempts of the authorities to lay hands on the cut-throats under his command in all parts of Southern Italy. Consequently, the Government at length decided upon entering into an agreement by which they allowed the man a full pardon and a pension for life, on condition that he would retire from his "profession" and break up his band.

The bandit afterwards settled down in one of the most beautiful islands in the world, where he discharges the duties of a door-keeper and guide to visitors, and receives an allowance of six francs a day, a sum which enables him to live like a prince.

The Right Kind of Verse.

"I've got a poem," he said, when he had secured the attention of the editor.

"My dear sir, that pigeon-hole is filled with poems waiting publication."

"But this describes the virtues of the Ache Destroyer, and I will pay five shillings a line to have it printed," said the author.

"Ah, charming! I am glad to see you turn your attention to verse. I wish all had your gift."

He Wasn't There.

"Oh, what a nice dream I had last night!" said little Alice to her younger brother, Augustus, one morning. "Only think, I was at a restaurant, and I had such loads of good things—maccaroons, creams, jellies, cakes, and ever so many more."

"And what was I eating?"

"Oh, you wasn't there!" replied Alice, sympathetically.

Whereupon little Augustus took out his handkerchief and wept bitterly over his first disappointment in life.

Conclusive Evidence.

Counsel for the defence (to the plaintiff)—When your safe was broken into, was the whole of the money taken?

Plaintiff—No, there was some silver left.

Counsel (addressing jury)—From this evidence it is clear that my client cannot have committed the crime with which he is charged, as in similar cases he was known to leave anything behind.

The Mystery Explained.

"Why is it," said a politician to an opponent, "that our party is generally up and yours down?"

"I suppose for the same reason," said the other, "that the empty bucket is generally at the top of the well."

A Literary Butcher.

Visitor—What a beautiful library you have! I really envy you.

Retired Butcher—Yes; and just look at the binding of them books.

"I see; they are all bound in calf."

"Just so, and I killed all them calves myself what furnished the leather.

Why Bridget Left.

Mistress—Bridget, I want you to understand that I am not going to stand any more flirtations between you and the policeman on this beat.

Bridget—Thin, mum, I'll be afther lavin' yees. I can get a new place any day in the wake, but a perlaceman that loves yer for yersilf alone is not picked up so aisy."

Liars and Liars.

"There are lots of liars, aren't there," said one traveling man to another in a disgusted tone.

"Lots of them, and several varieties. For instance there are men who lie for their own interest in business, and others who lie merely from an uncontrollable love of it."

"Yes, but the latter are the only ones for whom a fellow can have any real artistic admiration."

Enterprise.

Reporter—I've just got a lovely theatrical scandal, full of the most spicy details.

Editor—Good! Run it in headed and head it Too Sickening for Publication, and tell 'em to run off twenty thousand extras.

Too Much Autumn Leaves.

Jones—Isn't you going home to dinner!

Smith—What's the use! There's nobody there to cook dinner.

"Why, where's your wife?"

"Out in the woods, of course."

"What's she doing in the woods?"

"Man alive! don't you know the autumn leaves are ripe!"

An Unjust Accusation.

Aged Lover—You treat me as if I were a dog.

Coquette—Not much I don't. I like dogs.

Freedom.

"Franz, what a shocking bad hat you have got on. Isn't it about time you purchase a new one?"

"Not yet awhile, I intend retaining my freedom as long possible!"

"Freedom! what rubbish are you talking about!"

"My wife told me the other day she would not go out with me till I got a new hat. and I mean her to wait a bit longer."

Hotel Experiences.

Drummer (showing cuff-button to hotel clerk) —I say, I found this button on the third floor this morning. If the owner should call——

Clerk—Thank you, I'll tell him——

Drummer—Tell him if it's gold to leave the other one at my room, 191, fourth floor.

Smokers Beware.

A card hanging in a certain lawyer's office in the department of the Eastern Pyrenes bears this inscription—"Ici on est prie de fumer ailleur's (Here you are requested to smoke elsewhere.)

Wouldn't Omit That.

Magistrate (to prisoner arrested for assault) —You admit, then, that you pulled your landlord's nose?

Prisoner—Yes.

"Don't you know that you had no right to do that?"

"No, sir, if I had no right to pull his nose he would have had it put down in the lease."

Not Far Out.

A distinguished foreign diplomatist, a very genial and social being, soon after his arrival in London, made the round of the sights, Madame Tussaud's among the number.

"And what do you think of our waxwork show?" said a friend.

"Well," replied the general, "it strikes me as being very like an ordinary English party."

Poll The Jury.

Judge (to jury, who have been locked up)—Have you agreed upon a verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty of theft, as charged in the indictment?

Foreman—We have not yet reached a verdict my lord, we have spent most of the time ago, and I would respectfully ask that each juror be searched."

Lost the Best Seat.

A young lad fell over the gallery of a theatre into the pit, and was picked up by some of the spectators, who, hearing him groaning, kindly asked if he was much injured.

"Much injured!" exclaimed the lad, "I should think I am. I have lost the very best seat in the middle of the front row o' the gallery."

It's Beauty They're After.

Dodger—She refused you!

Bodger—Yes.

Dodger—Well, you've lost a superb woman—a woman of rare intelligence.

Bodger—Yes, I told her she was the most intelligent woman I ever met, and——

Dodger—Ah, that's where you were wrong, pard! Always tell a woman she's handsome and beautiful. She don't care so much about what you think of her brains.

The American in Switzerland.

He declared that Europe is a quite overrated country, and not a patch on California. The party who went with him were of a different opinion altogether, and he had to spend most of his time thinking up contradictory arguments. Everything they saw was lovely, grandly beautiful, superb, immense. They were in Switzerland.

"Just look at that glacier! Isn't it grand? Isn't it magnificent?"

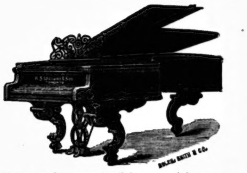
"Oh, I don't know. That glacier—now—well, that glacier hasn't got ice enough in it to keep New York going for a week."

Then it was at Interlachen.

"What a perfectly lovely spot! What a charming town! Isn't it perfectly delightful?"

"That—that town!" said the growler. "Yes, it's rather pretty, but look here, I know a tree in California with timber enough in it to frame the whole country."

There is no beautifier of complexion or form of behavior like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us.—*R. W. Emerson.*



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54 WELLINGTON STREET WEST

Has removed to their new premises, erected specially for the Laundry business, 106 York Street, a few doors north of King Street.

G. P. SHARPE.

Miss Bassett's Suitors.

Miss Bassett did not think herself beautiful, and she knew she was no longer young, but she fancied herself pleasing.

In fact, a good many people liked her, and she was going on towards spinsterhood in a very happy and comfortable way, making a sufficient income, which she often wished was larger, when suddenly the clouds opened, and a million of money was showered down upon her, as by a miracle.

Where it came from, Miss Bassett declared she did not know, although four elderly legal gentlemen explained it clearly to her.

She signed documents, and paid bills, and attended meetings, as in a dream, and at the end of it all found herself one of the rich women whom she had always envied a little.

It was no longer necessary for her to give music lessons and decorate plaques. When she wanted money all she had to do was to draw checks. People began to call on her for subscriptions; friends who had forgotten her existence when her father's death threw her on her own resources, suddenly remembered her very affectionately. New friends sprung up. She received personal compliments for the first time in her life, and a gentleman from Scotland wrote that he was of one of the first families, though out of cash at present, and offered his heart and hand to one of whose virtues he had heard so much.

That missive Miss Benjamina Bassett threw into the fire; still she asked herself as she did so, "What next?"

Benjamina began to live elegantly, to entertain, to go out, to dine in evening dresses and jewels; rolling in her carriage instead of carrying her flowers and slippers in a paper parcel, and going in the street cars.

Her cheeks rounded out, and she was much better looking, and ancient bachelors and widowers of a hopeful turn of mind began to call.

Miss Benjamina rather liked it. She laughed at them sometimes. But they were certainly very polite; and how did she know but that, if they had known her, they might have called before she became rich? She trusted wealth would not make her suspicious, as it did some people.

But Miss Benjamina, plain as she was, had not been without an admirer.

The half flat in which she had kept house was one of those which arose above a small drug store. In this small drug store was a small clerk, named William Spearmont, who might have played the apothecary in Romeo and Juliet, though his coat was not out at elbows, but only—well, fine drawn. He had a romantic soul, however, this small clerk, and read Byron and Shelley behind his counter.

Of him Miss Benjamina had bought soap and cologne, hair restorative and sticking plaster for long years, and he had sometimes asked to be allowed to hear her play.

Benjamina did not perform classical music, but she knew all the popular music, and many pieces, such as "rippling waterfall waltzes, and babbling brook polkas," in which her pupils delighted.

The drug clerk, who had Sunday evenings to himself, looked forward with joy to one spent on the second floor front with Miss Benjamina.

He used to put on a stiff collar and a new tie, if he could compass one, and provide himself with a little confectionery.

There was usually a small pupil present, for propriety's sake, or sometimes old Mrs. Tibbs, from the mansard roof room. He did not object. In fact, he was glad that he had no opportunity to speak what was in his soul. His wages, you see, were eight dollars a week, and that is not sufficient for the support of a wife and family. Besides, he was not strong.

He had come from a far-away country place to make his fortune, and for ten years had been his uncle's drudge.

The old man only came into the shop to scold a little now and then. He charged his nephew five dollars a week for board. Take five from eight, and three remain.

It is not much. Still, he sent his Benjamina some lilies at Easter, and at Christmas a large bottle of perfumery which he got at cost price from his uncle.

He had a small, turned-up nose and a pale skin himself, and Benjamina's large features, dusky skin and rather heavy figure pleased him mightily. Her talents, moreover, seemed to him marvellous.

Rosa Bonheur and Patti, rolled in one, could not have seemed to him to make a greater genius.

Once Benjamina painted him a shaving cup. Did she think he would put shaving soap in it? On the contrary, he made a sort of shrine of it, and placed it where he could see it when he opened his eyes.

Sometimes he exhibited it to his friends.

"Painted by a most talented lady," he would say. And if a little teasing followed, he would check it with the words, "No, no; it is one far above me; a simple token of condescending friendship—nothing more."

Miss Benjamina Bassett, meanwhile, several times bethought herself that it was a pity women could not pop the question without degrading themselves. For since William Spearmont, who plainly loved her, was afraid to say so, nothing could come of it under the reign of the present social opinion, even though she liked him.

When the fortune we have spoken of tumbled out of the clouds, William Spearmont had, for a few days, thought of helping himself to prussic acid out of the blue bottle with a death's head and cross-bones on it, which stood conveniently on a shelf just above his head.

Sometimes a wild hope had thrilled his soul that something might happen, a loss of pupils or the failure of the china factory, which would make it possible for him to say to his adored Benjamina, "Share my eight dollars a week; it is better than nothing."

But now she was an heiress, removed from his sphere for ever.

To be sure, she had invited him to her receptions.

"I should go only to find the learned and distinguished at her feet. She would see me at a disadvantage and despise me. Besides, I have no dress coat," William Spearmont said to himself; and he sent a regret in his best penmanship, and read Shelley more than ever.

Benjamina again felt that women had not their rights. However, she was busy and excited by her new opportunities.

She was furnishing her house, choosing a companion, selecting servants, and taking lessons of Signor Bang Hardi, who charged five dollars a lesson. Her pupils had paid her twenty-five cents.

"And could it be true," Benjamina asked herself, "that all these offers were really made to her?"

The bachelors, the widowers, and even one divorced gentleman, were vowing admiration.

Mothers called her attention to the merits of their sons. Sisters told her how their brothers had begged them for introduction to "that interesting lady." Nothing of this sort had happened before.

Benjamina thought of those evenings in the little room over the drug store, with William Spearmont sitting on the horse hair chair close to the cracked piano, uttering compliments that came from the heart.

Sometimes it was in her soul to go to the drug store, and across the counter—yes, though there were customers there, cry out—"William Spearmont, I've got a big bank account myself, and a big home to myself! Men are trying to get them who do not care for me one whit. Come, you who love me, and save me from them, and take half of all I have, and make me happy."

But of course she did not do it.

And the offers came more thickly, and one day five lay before her. And Benjamina Bassett, having read them, thought them over and came to a conclusion, coolly drew ink-stand and paper towards her, and after some deliberation, wrote to the editor of a local paper, requesting him to send to her residence at once a good reporter.

The reporter came in haste, and went away with a roll of short hand manuscript in his pocket; and the next day a column of leaded type, well paid for, though no reader guessed it, swept the length of the morning paper, headed with these words—"Another Victim to Speculation!—Miss Benjamina Bassett's Millions Gone!" And below it an account, of which no one could make anything, of the loss of the money, with dolorous prophecies as to the future poverty of one so recently a great heiress.

Miss Bassett read this article, with much satisfaction, over her breakfast table. There were several notes lying at her elbow, and she opened them one by one, smiling as she did so.

They were from three of the men she had accepted.

One ran thus:

"My Dear Miss Bassett—What an unhappy wretch I am! I must leave the country at a moment when my hopes are highest. A telegram from an expiring friend. Adieu! I'll inform you when I return. Yours for ever,

"B. JONES."

"Jones is done for," said Benjamina.

The second letter was more explicit:

"Between people of the world no longer in their teens, the truth is best, is it not, Miss Bassett? I can't afford to marry you; you can't afford to marry me. You must look for money; so must I. "REINALD SMITH."

"Candid in Smith," said Benjamina.

The third was dantily written on chocolate-colored paper in white ink. It was a work of art.

"Please don't notice the foolish note I wrote you yesterday. Of course I know you will be pained to say 'No,' as well as I know that nothing could induce you to say 'Yes.' So spare yourself the pain of writing.

"CHARLES BROWN."

"Brown has managed beautifully," said Benjamina.

At this moment the maid entered with three more notes. One square, and sealed with a coat of arms; one long, narrow and perfumed with musk; one buff, and smelling of peppermint. The square one was from an alleged German baron. It was curt.

"Please forget that I wrote yesterday. I negotiated the marriage on the strength of false representations from your lawyer."

The narrow one contained a graceful lie:

"My Dear Miss Bassett—By this time I am sure you have laughed over the idiotic mistake I made in addressing a letter I intended for another lady, to you. Don't tell any one, and please throw it in the waste-paper basket.

"Sincerely, A. POTTER."

"The best of all,' said Benjamina. "But here is a sixth letter."

She took the buff envelope in her hand, and opened it. A sheet of checked foreign correspondence paper fell out, and the smell of peppermint grew stronger. She remembered that the stationery purchased at the little druggist's shop always had this peculiarity, and glanced at the signature. It was William Spearmont, as she fancied it would be. The next instant she was reading it:

"Dearest Miss Benjamina—I read to-day that you are poor again. I ought to be sorry, but I rejoice. Your wealth was a barrier between us. I have always adored you. You are the one woman on earth to me, and perhaps I am nothing to you. Still, I think you gave me a little friendship in those old days.

"My poor old uncle is dead. He has left me the business. Two people can live well enough upon it, and I ask you, having at last assurance of bread and butter, to be mine. You shall live like a queen, and keep help. You shall never be asked to mind the shop. You shall devote yourself to your beautiful accomplishments, and in the evening I will sit at your feet while you sing to me. That is, if you will have me. I am becoming too hopeful, presuming too much. But do, do, my own Benjamina, or my heart will break. Yours,

"WILLIAM SPEARMONT."

"My darling William Spearmont!" said Benjamina, as she kissed the letter. Then she wrote to him:

"Dear William—I have liked you all along, as well as you have liked me. Money has nothing to do with it. Come and see me, and at once. I have missed you very much.

"BENJAMINA."

There was another announcement in the daily papers in a few days. It was to the effect that "the report that Miss Benjamina Bassett had lost her fortune was quite untrue. She had never speculated, and was about to be married to the eminent physician, Dr. William Spearmont."

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, the waste of time, the cankerworm of felicity.

A Frenchman's Opinion.

The love of wealth in an Englishman's ruling passion, whilst his characteristic vice is gluttony. To prove this, take a proverbial phrase that you hear every day repeated. We Frenchmen say of a person born of wealthy parents that he was "born with a caul" *(ne coiffé)*. Our neighbors across the Channel make use of this expression, "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

A Priscely Dower.

A professional beggar was about to give away his daughter in marriage, and boasted that the young woman would receive a splendid dowry.

"Why, what dowry can you give her, you have nothing!" said one.

"Well, I am giving her two provinces—Saxony and Pommerania," was the reply; "I haven't begged there yet."

Later On.

"If I should send $25 to New York to buy counterfeit money," he said at police headquarters yesterday, "and the fellows sent me nothing but brown paper could I have them arrested?"

"Perhaps."

"I'd have to let it be known that I sent for queer goods?"

"Yes."

"And thus criminate myself!"

"Exactly."

"Well, I was asking for information for a friend out in Dakota. What I came here to see about was whether a dog over 20 years old had to be licensed."

A Use For Everything.

Theatrical manager to actor—Ah, I see you've got a cork leg. I hardly think I can—O, hold on, I forgot, you're just the man I want. I am going to have a scene in my new play, Lost in a Prohibition State, where the villain has his arm blown off in a bar-room fight in full view of the audience, but I'll consult with the author and see if he can't make the hero shoot low and take off a leg instead."

Trade Symbols.

Dealer—I say, Jake, put out a sign: Our great G. X. P. Q. sale begins to day.

Jake—G. X. P. Q. sale! Why, sir, nobody knows what that is!

Dealer—Of course they don't, neither do I, but it'll draw people like a mustard plaster. Don't forget to make the letters large and plain.

Poaching with Impunity.

A gentleman had gone out shooting without a license, when he was taken unawares by a gamekeeper, in a wood, with his finger on the trigger of his gun. By way of explanation, he said in hurried tones, "Hush! this is a duel in the American style—with carbines, you know—the first to spy the other fires. Look out, I fancy my opponent sees me now!" Gamekeeper clears out.

To Get Even.

Horne (to his friend, at the concert, who is applauding enthusiastically—For goodness' sake, don't, man; that was abominable! You'll bring that wretched music-butcher out again! O'Bowie (with increasing enthusiasm)—Good! Can't you see he's half fainting with exhaustion! I want some revenge, my boy.

A Great Saving.

"Boy," said a clerk in a Yonge street grocery to a lad who was hanging around, "do you want to save the price of an overcoat this winter and feel warm all over?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then eat one of those."

They were red peppers, and the boy promptly took a large bite. He turned red in the face, the tears came, and he had to hustle around the corner to prevent breaking down. It was an hour before he returned. Then the clerk said:

"Well, how did it work?"

"Splendid!" replied the boy. "It not only saved me an overcoat, but I don't believe my brother Bill will have to have any shoes this winter! I'll take the rest up home. It may save our house rent and coal."

A Feminine Criticism.

Miss Critique—Well, my dears, did you ever see such a guy as Miss Nouvelle looked last night,—quite hideous, poor girl? I wonder she likes to go into society at all.

Miss Acidde—Yes, indeed; I have heard that "beauty is only skin deep," but I think she must be ugly to the bone.

At a Montana Wedding.

Justice—Arise! Grab hands! Hitched! Six dollars. Cash up; no trust.

Why Didn't He?

He (severely)—The woman who hesitates is lost.

She (spitefully)—The man who hesitates is left.

He (regretfully)—I wish I'd hesitated.

Friendly Compliments.

Skribble—Did you read my last poem in the *Oceanic?*

Skrawl—No, thank God! I was sick in bed.

Skribble—It was dedicated to you.

Skrawl—The devil it was!

Goes to buy a copy and reads Ode to a Mule.

Oh, Certainly!

Old Timer—Saw you with your lady last evening.

Young Sprout—Yes, my cousin, you know.

Old Timer—Oh, certainly I know; she was mine once.

Two of a Kind Wanted.

Elsie—Bob, I wish you would tell me how a handkerchief flirtation is worked.

Bob—Easy and simple enough, sister—with two fools and two handkerchiefs.

At Osgoode Hall

First Lawyer—Who is that beggar that bowed to you?

Second Lawyer—One of my old clients.

The Finest.

No wonder we have the "finest police in the world." They are fined and refined every day.

Managerial Diplomacy.

Col. Burke—Will the pretty lady in front please sit down.

Every lady in the front rows resumes her seat.

HIGH CLASS DRESS GOODS AT LOW PRICES

OUR IMPORTATIONS WERE SO LARGE AT FIRST THAT THE CHOICE IS STILL HERE—Our counters and shelves are still loaded down with the latest novelties. French Broadcloths, Foule Serges, Henriettas, Meltons, Plaids and Silks of all kinds at prices that are, as usual—at the bottom.

FOULE SERGES, DOUBLE WIDTH—At 39c. the double width yard.

FOULE SERGES, SINGLE WIDTH—At 25c. a yard.

HENRIETTA CLOTHS, DOUBLE WIDTH—At 45c the double width yard.

ALL-WOOL CASHMERES—From 45c. the double width yard.

COMBINATION CHECKS WITH STRIPES TO MATCH—All wool, beautiful goods—30c. a yard.

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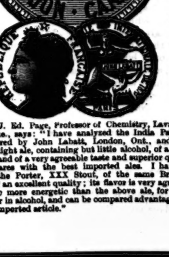

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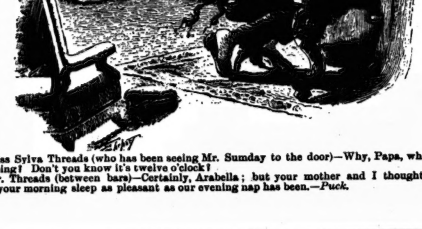

Miss Sylva Threads (who has been seeing Mr. Sumday to the door)—Why, Papa, what are you doing! Don't you know it's twelve o'clock!

Mr. Threads (between bars)—Certainly, Arabella; but your mother and I thought we'd make your morning sleep as pleasant as our evening nap has been.—*Puck.*

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

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Society Correspondents.

SATURDAY NIGHT has nothing but compassion for the one who inspired the untruthful paragraph on writers for social papers which appeared in a morning paper last Saturday. The rigid supervision exercised over everything of a society nature in these columns has long ago been recognized and acknowledged by the hearty manner in which society people have assisted us in our effort to make the social news of the week acceptable to all.

It lies within our power to make the individual in question appear in a supremely ridiculous fashion before the public, and we have to admit the temptation to do so is a strong one, for we have been attacked by imputation in a manner for which there is no excuse and for which there has been no provocation. We decline, however, to take advantage of the weapon that is placed in our hands, feeling assured, as we do, that the line of conduct pursued by this paper has met with the heartiest endorsement of the community.

Cremation, or Interment?

How shall we dispose of our dead? By Cremation, or Interment? Shall it be the Urn on the Mantel, or the "Graveyard on the Hill?"

From the standpoint of a sanitarian, the graveyard compares unfavorably with incineration, and more especially is this the case in the great centers, where the old burial grounds are hemmed in by the increase of population.

Cremation has, generally speaking, been opposed, tooth and nail, by the clergy. They contend that it is a pagan custom, and the resolving of our mortal frames into the bosom of Mother Earth is the only right and proper way. This is what the clergy say, but even the clergy have blundered before to-day. There is no valid reason why we should not borrow a good custom from heathenesse. "The devil shall not have all the good tunes," quoth the gentle Wesley, and the sensible folks of to-day are not averse to being taught by the natives of far-off Persia and the islanders of the Southern seas. It probably matters but little what disposition is made of the outward frame of departed humanity. Ridley, Latimer and Cranmer perished in the flames, but it is generally admitted that the martyr's crown is theirs.

Cremation is repulsive to some because prejudice stands in the way of a proper enlightenment—but how utterly loathsome is the idea of putrefaction to all.

"In God's Acre," and "sleeping peacefully" have a pleasing melancholy, and a dash of poetry encircles them with a halo, but, whilst cremation may lack in each of these, let it not be forgotten that the public health should be the first consideration in our disposal of the dead. Earth may be a splendid deodorizer, but from the sanitary standpoint, the furnace is superior to the tomb, and removes one awful fear from the human heart—the dread of being buried alive.

Passionate Love.

The romantic heart of maidenhood finds it difficult to believe that the happiest marriages are those in which passionate love is made to play a purely secondary part. The voice of experience tells us that the marriage based on mutual respect, and supported by some consideration for the value of dollars and cents, is the one which returns the largest measure of marital contentment. Admitted that love is a charming passion, and altogether delightful under certain conditions, still as a factor of happiness passionate love is but a broken reed for the married future to depend upon.

Ardent love is almost always doomed to disappointment. Too much is expected on either side, for each has fashioned an altogether superior being, from very common clay, which comes to grief at the first contact with adverse circumstances. In most cases, too, there is one who loves more and is loved less than the other. Then jealousy on the one side, and increasing coldness and restraint on the other, serve to widen the breach which is not bridged over by the fact that the same characteristics that have plunged the man into a hasty love marriage still operate against him in financial, and other outside matters.

Nor must it be forgotten that the causes which excite love have, as a rule, but little to recommend them as promoters of sustained happiness. Novelty has much to answer for in love affairs, but the charm of novelty ceases with union. Thus we find that love is chiefly excited by influences which cease to exist after marriage. Love is awakened by the curve of an eye, a beautiful brow, a perfect figure, a trick of speech, and a thousand other things, each of which is charming as its influence on the heart is fleeting.

On the other hand, where passionate love is unknown, but where mutual respect, kindly regard, and a suitable provision for material comforts have obtained, the prospect for the future is a fairly bright one. Jealousy—foul offspring of the egotism of passion—has little or no part in such a union, the happiness of which has not been lessened because sober common sense, and a due regard for the comforts of life have not been forgotten in the courtship days, when papa was asked and the wedding cake ordered.

Friendship is a shield that blunts the darts of adversity.—*Mme. de Saint-Surin*

MUSIC

The principal event of musical interest during the past ten days has been the visit of the Boston Ideal Opera Company at the Grand Opera House. Time was when the organization under this name gave the best all-round operatic performance in English that we had had in America, but somehow its grandeur has departed. Ichabod has intervened. The chorus then was chosen from among some of the first choir singers in Boston, and the principals were of the best oratorio and concert singers on the continent. The performances, if not striking from a dramatic point of view, were certainly "ideal" musically, and those who saw them in Fatinitza eight years ago, when Mary Beebe, Mathilde Phillips, Fessenden, Whitney, Barnabee and Macdonald comprised the galaxy of stars, experienced what was all too rare in Toronto. Little Studley was then the musical director, and a good one he was too. But in the intervening time we have only seen them once until last week. The Ideals may be considered as a sort of Presidential almanac. They only come to Toronto when the election gales are blowing across the border, but it is likely that their pecuniary success this time will bring them back in May.

*

The present company has some good material and some that is—not so good. M'lle Pauline L'Allemand, M'lle Zelie de Lussan, Miss Atalie Claire, and perhaps Mr. Clement Bainbridge, were good in what they undertook to do. Next to these must be ranked Mr. W. H. Clark. After them mediocrity takes the place of the ideal. The first named lady is a delightful singer and actress, and enjoys a deserved popularity. Her Martha is one of the most enjoyable characters ever seen in Toronto. She sings with such ease and perfect fluency and has such a sweet winning voice, that her handsome face and charming soubrette figure will always be welcome in Toronto. We can quite readily forgive the interpolation of Proch's Air and variations in view of the excellence of the exquisite rendering she gave it.

*

M'lle de Lussan deserves a paragraph to herself. Her beauty and grace secured her a sympathetic audience at once, when she appeared as the merry little vivandiere in the Daughter of the Regiment. She has a powerful voice, of great compass, and sings in perfectly correct style. Charming as her singing is she excels as an actress and with her strong individuality, fills the stage. The merry archness and the petulant disregard of *les convenances* which make up much of the comedy of Marie's part were delightfully evident. As Carmen, M'lle de Lussan essayed a part which tradition and the performances of such artistes as Minnie Hauk and Marie Roze have made a severe test, and that this young lady was entirely satisfactory in the role is her strongest recommendation. The impudent, uncontrolled, careless and passionate child of the people was represented carefully, yet with a total absence of effort, and in spite of those features of the character which do not challenge respect, she worked up the sympathy of the audience to a painful pitch in the last act. Her Carmen, if not great, almost reaches greatness.

*

Miss Atalie Claire, who is a born Torontonian, inherits her musical talent from her mother, who, as Miss Alexander, was a singer of repute in Toronto some twenty-five years ago, and who was then a member of St. George's choir. This young lady is now singing her first regular season in opera, and, as her physique develops, will make her mark. She has a fine mezzo-soprano voice of pure quality and an excellent method, and adds to this a charming presence and a good appreciation of the histrionic necessities of the operatic stage. Mr. Clark made his first Toronto appearance in opera and speedily became a favorite, a result easily accounted for by his magnificent bass voice. He was especially good as Sergeant Sulpice, but one would wish that he had had a training which would bring out the latent roundness in his voice and that would make it more faithful to the pitch, as well as to add refinement to his style.

*

Mr. Frank Baxter is a fairly good tenor, and Signor Luigi Parisotti is a passably bad one. The former has a sweet voice and acts indifferently, and the latter has a worn out voice and acts well. The Lionel of Mr. Baxter was a good performance, and its excellence would have been enhanced had he sung the M'Appari with greater vocal grace. As it was he sang it about as roughly as he could. Parisotti was a fine Don Jose when he did not sing, but his execrable open tone or his high notes were painful to listen to. Mr. Mertens, the baritone of the company, sang the Toreador music very well, although occasional slides from the pitch were evident. Mr. Neuendorff conducted a good orchestra, though the addition of five or six more stringed instruments would have raised it to excellence. Carmen was decidedly the best work of the company, and it is to be regretted that the other operas had not been replaced by more modern compositions. Queen Topaz was at first announced, but was dropped for some reason which was not stated. If the Ideals return, a change of programme, which will retain Carmen and exclude the others, will be welcome.

*

The first monthly musical service of praise at the Church of the Redeemer took place on Tuesday night, and was well attended. An excellent programme was well sung by the choir, with Mr. Schuch as choirmaster and Mr. Fairclough as organist. Solos were sung by Miss Morgan, Miss Langstaff, Miss Campbell, Mr. Coleman and Mr. Schuch, and organ solos were played by Mr. Percy V. Greenwood, organist of All Saints' Church.

METRONOME.

Women govern us, let us render them perfect; the more they are enlightened so much the more shall we be. On the cultivation of the mind of woman depends the wisdom of man. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

Rose Coghlan has added fresh laurels to her chaplet during the past week in the new romantic drama of Jocelyn, a play written especially for her by Chas. F. Coghlan, her brother. Perhaps it is an open question as to which is the more fortunate, the sister who has such a brother, or the brother who is possessed of such a sister, for Jocelyn is a distinct advance in the march of dramatic composition, and she who is charged with the principal part is more than equal to the task imposed upon her. With possibly the exception of Louis XI, which play I have always considered Irving's masterpiece, Jocelyn appeals to me as the strongest drama we have had since Lytton gave us Richelieu, and yet I am not altogether persuaded if the tremendous personality of Irving were left out of Louis XI, that this new production would not secure first honors.

*

From the opening scene to the fall of the green curtain Jocelyn is enthralling in the interest which it excites. Intensely human, full of startling incidents, which, nevertheless, are natural enough, this play increases in strength as it progresses, until the climax is reached in the tragic death of Saviani, and the restoration of the lovers, Gaston Marcell and Jocelyn, to each others' arms.

*

The period of the play is in 1620, the scene is laid in Angers, now the capital of the department of Maine-et-Loire, some 150 miles from Paris, but historically interesting as the scene of the peace patched up between Louis XIII. and his mother, Marie de Medeci. The first scene opens in the court yard of the Chateau de Boissac and discloses the sons of that ancient house, Philip, Charles and Henry, brothers of Jocelyn, the Chatelaine of Boissac. The part of these young men is simple enough, they are simply required to present a patrician bearing in which they are genuinely successful.

*

Prince Saviani is the villain who still pursues her, and urges his suit with Jocelyn, who repulses him. Her heart has already been given to Gaston Marcell, a young advocate, but the prejudices of the time forbid all thought of a union between the lowly born Gaston and the daughter of the ancient house of de Boissac.

*

The three brothers of Jocelyn are murdered before her very eyes, by order of Saviani, the shock of which unhinges her mind for a period during which the villain prince all but marries her. In the meantime her lover Gaston has been banished, and returning appears upon the scene in time to thwart the prince's design, thanks to the assistance of Saviani's mistress, Madame de Mortaigne, who assists in the Italian's discomfiture, the final result of which is the death of the latter at the hand of Jocelyn in a most realistic duel, after which the lovers are united with the sanction of the reigning monarch, Louis XIII.

*

So much for the play, and now a word or two about the players. Miss Coghlan in depth of conception, and in power of rendition of the heroine's part is well nigh perfect. From the first she secured the sympathies of the audience. It is not, however, until the second act that she gives evidence of her powers. Her awful agony at the thrilling moment of her brother's execution held the house spell-bound. Probably the most finished piece of acting was her rendering of the distraught maiden, who, in an hour of mental unhingement, promises to wed the man who is the object of her deepest horror. There is here an undercurrent of intense emotion, which is all the more oppressive because it is subdued, and finds no relief in the hushed silence of the audience, or the self restraint which is necessarily imposed at such a moment. But relief comes, when, recalled to herself, she bursts into a terrible denunciation of the arch-villain Saviani. Here she is really grand, ample testimony to which was borne by the storm of applause that acknowledged her efforts. In the last act her duel with Saviani was fine realistic work. Her get-up in male attire prompts me to express the opinion that Coghlan is the only actress who has succeeded in disguising her sex when clad in male attire. Hitherto Rose Coghlan has always been associated in my thoughts with the character of Rosalind; hereafter I can only think of her as Jocelyn, the Huguenot.

*

Mr. Wilton Lackaye, as the Prince Saviani, shared the honors of the night from the artistic manner in which he played the part of the soldier, the bravo and the adventurer. He has a fine personal presence, but strikes one as being a trifle too jolly in appearance for the representation of villainy.

*

Of Mrs. Charles Watson, the leading lady support, it must be admitted that she looked a duchess every inch of her, although she is a trifle stagey and amateurish at times, a fault, I take it, which experience will soon correct.

*

Mr. John Malone as the lover Gaston was a thoroughly manly conception of the part, and pleasing to a degree. And one word of praise for those *honest* rascals of fortune the soldiers Agenor, Marlboe, Volatil and Narcisse, whose quaint humor deservedly caught the fancy of the house last Monday night.

*

For three nights next week there are pretty sure to be crowded houses at the Grand Opera House. Mrs. Potter, with perhaps the exception of Mrs. Langtry, is the best advertised actress on the stage to day. Her beauty is undeniable, and her dresses simply superb.

*

N. S. Wood, who played in the Waifs of New York at the Toronto Opera House this week, is rather a clever little fellow. In a better play and in a better company his talents would almost certainly assert themselves. As far as the play will allow him he presents the impudent aggressive street arab very naturally. His tricks and the ponderous Teutonisms of Mr. Geo. W. Thompson kept the audiences in roars of laughter. The scenic effects were striking and well managed.

COGHLAN NOTES.

I am not at all surprised at the universal popularity of Rose Coghlan, for of all the actresses I have had the pleasure of meeting off the stage she is one of the most delightful, reminding me irresistibly of Adelaide Neilson, who, I remember with a sigh, always asked for "just one more funny story before you go."

During the pleasant chat I had with her I cannot say that Miss Coghlan told me her age or her opinion of the girls of Toronto, neither did she commit herself to any distinct opinion on the rival merits of high heels and bangs. I must admit she smiled assent when I recognized her published opinion on the marriage question in the beautiful lines written by her brother in the play of Jocelyn.

Miss Coghlan has thoroughly identified herself with Jocelyn. She believes in it and is sanguine of its success, and expressed some surprise that her friends in Toronto had hardly seized upon some of the finer points of the play as readily as she had imagined they would. "Never mind," she ingenuously remarked, with a pretty little blush, "Wednesday night will cure all that, for on Wednesday the students are coming down in a body, and they are my honest critics."

I hated to do it, but I had to submit that weary, overgrown chestnut, "What is your favorite character?" expressing at the same time my preference for Rosalind. "I am very pleased to hear you say that," exclaimed Miss Coghlan, "for, although quite eclectic in my choice of good characters, I have always made an exception in my preference for Rosalind." Thank Heaven! thought I, my lucky selection has redeemed that unhallowed chestnut, and gathering my hat, gloves and cane, I made my best bow, my most finished adieux, and retired from the presence whilst in the odor of sanctity.

Wit and Humor.

On the "free list"—old maids.

Con Amore is an Italian from Cork.

Hyphen is the god of typographical marriage.

A lost curve in base ball—The Arc that Noah Pitched.

The street vendor's business is not a trade: it is a calling.

The question of the day—Is it going to rain, or is it going to clear?

A fisherman calls his boat The Kiss, because it is nothing but a smack.

There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, which may account for the extreme popularity of the straw.

The sidewalks in Salt Lake City are twenty feet wide, so that a Mormon Elder can go walking with his wife at his side.

Lady (to negro cook)—Can you poach eggs, Sambo? Sambo—'Deed I kin, missy—when dey grows up.

The Connecticut tobacco crop is a failure. Good! Smoking won't be quite so vicious a vice this year.

Bacon (to Mrs. Parvenu)—Did you see the avalanches in Switzerland? Mrs. Parvenu—Oh, yes; but I never met with such low society.

Poor Father Time! What a horrible old inebriate he must be!—that is, if it be true that Time is Money, and that Money is always tight.

It is a curious thing that the best way to make both ends meet is to pursue a straight career. The crooked but honest contortionist is the only exception to this rule.

Littleton—I can't see why all the papers are urging that Guffy be made a police magistrate. He's no lawyer. Coke—What of that? Don't you know he's a humorist?

All France is puzzled over Sara Bernhardt. She has either gained three pounds or got a larger bustle, and as no one can find out which, the nation is agog.

"Haw!" says Howell Gibbon, "you talk about music being a universal language! I'm sure I can't understand a word of it as it's sung at the German opera."

Consider the chickens, my son; study their ways and be wise. Whenever they take to drinking, their bills go up; and, by keeping their bills down, they find enough to eat.

The Pullman Palace Car Company has thirteen thousand blankets. We've frequently heard men ask for them on cold nights, only we thought they spelled the word "seven."

Judge—Prisoner, the evidence shows that you brutally assaulted the plaintiff. Have you anything to offer in extenuation? Prisoner—No, sir; my lawyer took all the money I had.

"I don't see why the public should complain of us," says the bob-tail street-car director; "we give a ride and an exhibition all in one. You drop the nickel in the slot, and see the company save a conductor's wages!"

Brown is the leaf upon the tree
That saw me bend to her my knee—
Last summer.

Brown is the stone front of her house,
I pass it, quiet as a mouse—
But glummer!

It is amazing how quick the baker finds out when flour goes up, and how awfully deaf and blind they are when a slump in the market knocks $2 off the price of a barrel. They must want to make some money out of the business.

"Donjohn Demijohn Unjohn St. John" is the name of a western baby whose father wanted to please all parties and satisfy everybody. There will be a racket in that family when bub grows up.

Mrs. James Brown Potter says she hasn't read a line in a newspaper for fifteen years. That's where she mistook it seriously. The papers have given her scores of nice little notices, which have all probably been accepted by her cook.

"Great men repeat themselves in others," said Littlehead; "I am something like Napoleon. He required only four hours' sleep out of the twenty-four, and so do I; it is all I require." "Oh," said Takechance, "then you resemble him as far as the Nap!"

It is really remarkable how a boy can look up into a wild labyrinth of branches covered with luscious persimmons, and then take deliberate aim with a shinny four feet long, and send it whirling right through the whole mass without touching anything.

Mistress—Well, I can give you a recommendation as to honesty, but I can't speak of you as a good worker.

Girl (about departing)—Shure Oi doan' want you t' spake of me as a good worker. It isn't work Oi'm after at all. It's a noice, respictebble place.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card, but that's all he's good for. One dog who would bite a tramp in twenty-seven places would be worth fifty canines who could tell the time of day.

A Ballade of Evolution.

In the mud of the Cambrian main
Did our earliest ancestor dive;
From a shapeless albuminous grain
We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five
Or roll himself round like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
While the weakliest go to the wall.

As an active acidian again
Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain
And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive
To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest manag'd to wive,
While the ugliest went to the wall.

At length as an ape he was fain
The mate of the forest to rive,
Till he took to the low-lying plain
And proceeded his fellow to knive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,
One another to swallow and maul;
And the strongest continued to thrive,
While the weakliest went to the wall.

ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive
Now money's the measure of all;
And the wealthy in coaches can drive,
While the needier go to the wall.

GRANT ALLEN.

Ballade of Primitive Man.

He lived in a cave by the seas,
He lived upon oysters and foes,
But his list of forbidden degrees
An extensive morality shows:
Geological evidence goes
To prove he had never a pan,
But he shaved with a shell when he chose—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

He worship'd the rain and the breeze,
He worshiped the river that flows,
And the Dawn, and the Moon, and the trees,
And bogies, and serpents, and crows.
He buried his dead with their toes
Tucked up—an original plan—
Till their knees came right under their noses—
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

His communal wives, at his ease,
He would curb with occasional blows;
Or his State had a queen, like the bees
(As another philosopher trows);
When he spoke it was never in prose,
But he sang in a strain that would scan,
For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose)
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

ENVOY.

Max, proudly your Aryans pose,
But their rigs they undoubtedly ran,
For, as every Darwinian knows,
'Twas the manner of Primitive Man!

ANDREW LANG.

The Preadamite.

Ho, for a rhyme of the good old time,
Ere Adam or Eve was born,
When the saurian slept in the sluggish slime,
With the unique unicorn,
When the mermaid smiled on the mammoth mild,
And the dodo sang her lay,
And the behemoth breasted the billows wild
With the plesiosaurus gay.

Oh, a happy wight was the Preadamite!
He basked in the griffin's smile,
Or followed the dragon's spotive flight,
Or wept with the crocodile.
An omelet made of the roc's egg stayed
His appetite so rare,
While whale on toast and walrus roast
Were his steady bill of fare.

No hotel bills or doctor's pills
Impaired his appetite;
He laughed at gout with his stomach stout,
And kept his molars bright.
Ho, a tear and a sigh for the days gone by,
And a dirge for the doughty dead!
Let the sea-serpent shuffle his coil and die,
For the good old days are sped.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Ballade of the Primitive Aryan.

Tweedledum, tweedledee! It's time we began
The alternatives awful to face
Of a once-for-all choice, under blessing or ban,
'Tween Professor Max Muller and Sayce,
Though they're erudite both in the learning of race,
And do all that sagacity can,
The cradle to find and the toddlings to trace
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.

Tweedledee, tweedledum! I'm no partisan;
I impartially study the case;
I love not the quarrels of science to fan;
I would rather see savants embrace.
But from Norway to high Hindoo Koosh is a space
Of divergence not easy to span
By the schools to whom each is a rival birthplace,
Of the Primitive Aryan Man.

Tweedledum, tweedledee! Was he black? Was he fair?
Did he hunt? Did he fish? Did he chase?
Did they clothe them in skins, this nomadical clan,
For their comfort if not for their grace?
Was it eastward, or westward, full flowing space,
That the tide of his wandering ran?
Which way was his march, and where fixed was its base
For the Primitive Aryan Man?

ENVOY.

Prints feeble and faint? within less than an ace
Of escaping Ethnology's scan,
Will you ever direct either Muller or Sayce
To the Primitive Aryan Man?

ANON.

Tyre.

The ruined piles rise from the dusted ground
And throb with echoes that are low and lone,
The Arab walks the pave of trampled stone
And climbs the stair by some despoiled mound.
The shore is dreamy, save the lament sound
Of ocean from its near and mighty throne,
And multitudes seem coming back to own
The castled gates that now bereft abound,
As once it was, it seems again to be
With craftsmen skilled in cunning works and arts,
With purple stores and gems from distant lands,
The city and the merchant of the sea—
Then all is still and imagery departs
And fishers hold the ruins on the sands.

MINNIE ADELE HAUSER.

Sweet Cyphian! each masher intruder
With pencil and paper pursued her,
And though each imp of intrusion
Was bounced in confusion
Each swore that he had interviewed her.

* * *

An earnest effort is being made in the French circles of the sister Province to provide the wherewithal to bring back Gabriel Dumont to the land of his birth. I am not aware that there is any consuming desire in Ontario, or the North-West to freeze out Gabriel, always providing the exiled half-breed is willing to accept the altered condition of things, and is prepared to settle down to the duties of citizenship in a British colony.

* * *

The suggestion—that rich men should bequeath more to charities and less to their natural heirs—made by Mr. W. H. Howland at Mimico last Saturday will hardly have much effect with the departing millionaires of the future. Perhaps our wealthy men have, as a rule, been in the habit of leaving the lion's share to their own flesh and blood who have certain claims in the matter. Nevertheless, there have been one or two cases in which the rule has been most cruelly and unreasonably reversed, and, considering the question on its merits, public opinion still inclines to giving its vote and influence to the relatives of departing wealth.

* * *

"And there shall be wars and rumors of war" is a saying that is as applicable to-day as it was some eighteen hundred years ago. Advices received from reliable quarters in England clearly show that the immediate future of Europe is viewed with feelings of the utmost alarm, bordering indeed on panic. True enough we have so often heard the cry of "wolf" and become callous of belief that the great armed nations of Europe will really seek the stricken field. Should England be embroiled in the struggle the defence of our coasts and our merchant navy will be a matter of deep interest to us in the light of the recent naval manœuvres which have clearly shown the greatest maritime power in the world to be unable to properly protect her own commerce.

* * *

According to Labouchere's account of it, the visit of Emperor William to Austria and Italy will foot up to something like $200,000. "The amount which he has to give away to the servants of the sovereigns whom he visits is something fabulous, and the presents of various kinds cost a frightful sum. The Emperor took with him from Berlin eighty diamond rings, one hundred and fifty silver stars, fifty scarf-pins, all richly jewelled; thirty diamond bracelets, six splendid presentation swords, thirty large photographs of himself, with the Empress and their children, all in gold frames; thirty gold watches, with chains (one of these is the correct present to a kitchen functionary); one hundred cigar-cases, with the imperial arms and monograms in gold; and twenty stars in diamonds of the orders of the Black and Red Eagle." As there is no mention made of the sublime order of the Golden Cockatoo, I can only conclude that Labby and His Imperial Majesty have entirely overlooked the claims of this distinguished order.

* * *

Every one will regret to hear the intimate friends of Tennyson admit that the end of his long and distinguished career is fast approaching. He is rapidly losing his bodily strength, and his eyesight is failing fast. Lady Tennyson is also in bad health, and her removal to the south of France has been ordered.

* * *

Missionary enterprise has received many hearty cuffs at the hands of worldly-minded scoffers, but the latest blow has come straight from the church itself. Canon Taylor denounces the whole system of foreign missionary enterprise as "rotten to the core." This is uncommonly dusty for the missionaries, but the worthy Canon's statistics have a truthful appearance and are certainly very curious.

* * *

The Church Missionary Society, for instance, enjoys the enormous income of five million dollars. In India, the largest field of the society's labors, the number of Christian converts made yearly is sixty thousand, whereas the unconverted population has increased in the same time by eleven millions. At this rate it will take the society one hundred and eighty-three years to catch up to the annual increase in heathendom, so called, supposing there were no more births meanwhile.

* * *

The Lord Mayor-elect has intimated his wish that the Lord Mayor's procession this year, while it should be worthy of the occasion and of the city of London, shall be stripped of the circus element and shall not contain allegorical displays "which neither accord with his taste nor with the dignity of the city." Any accusation of sordid economy on his part is met by the expression of the Lord Mayor elect's intention to give the surplus saved over and above the usual cost of the show to charitable institutions and the poor, which idea will commend itself to all sensible people.

* * *

Another good man has gone from us, in the death of Henry M. Stanley. Arbitrary he may have been, and occasionally given to shooting down the natives when circumstances required it, yet he was just the stamp of man required for the opening up to civilization of the dark continent. It is all very well for civilization to commence the work by sending missionaries to the gentler tribes, such as the Bechuanas and others, but Africa has the warlike Matabeles in Southern Central Africa, and other intractable spirits in other parts of her borders who require men of sterner stuff and stronger backing up than is possessed by the modestly equipped servants of the S. P. G. or the L. M. S.

ST. GEORGE.

Impure and Dishonest Lives.

Rev. Mr. McTavish believes many men cling to their sins and are satisfied with themselves.

The other evening I had an interesting chat with the Rev. Mr. McTavish, the newly installed pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church. He is one of the youngest clergymen in the city, being barely thirty years of age. He was ordained four and a half years ago, and spent the intervening time in Lindsay, where a very badly disorganized church has under his care been reconstructed until both its membership and attendance have very largely increased and a twenty-five thousand dollar edifice erected. Mr. McTavish's personal appearance does not suggest youthfulness; his full black beard and rather stern face might belong to a man of forty. He was born in Lanark, Carleton County, and, as his name suggests, is Highland Scotch by descent. In conversation with him I judged that his mental qualities were typical of the strong, aggressive race to which he belongs.

The principal reason I had for selecting Mr. McTavish for an interview was that he is a new arrival undertaking his first city pastorate. There is a great difference between the country and city clergyman. After being a few years in charge of a city church a minister almost invariably becomes wider in his views, freer in his conversation, more self-possessed and less inclined to talk in what, without disrespect, I call the ministerial jargon.

Before proceeding to speak of theological affairs we had a very interesting talk about the characteristics of the Highland-Scotch Canadian. Did you ever notice how successful they are, how strong in character and yet how they adapt themselves to circumstances and surroundings? I was born on the edge of a Scotch settlement where many of my school-fellows learned their first English at eight or ten years of age. Anything more uncouth in dress than the product of a real, old-fashioned Highland-Scotch Canadian settlement in the way of a boy can hardly be imagined. Yet at the grammar school in my native county those uncouth lads who had their clothes and their hair cut at home, much in the same style that the ancient Picts affected, in two months and with a very small supply of money would be the best-dressed young fellows in the institute, at the head of their class, studious and capable of great concentration and unlimited grind. Boys from the Gaelic settlements hold many of the finest positions in Canada. Look at the Mc's who are at the head of the professions, leading politicians and wealthy business men. The Highland-Scotch are a dominant nationality. Vigor, ambition, tact, and all the characteristics of the successful man can be found perhaps more largely developed in them than in any other race.

Rev. Mr. McTavish, as I remarked before, is a good example of all the qualities I have attributed to the people from which he sprung. But I imagine that Mr. McTavish, five years hence, will differ very much from Mr. McTavish now. He is an observant rather than a bookish man, direct and intelligible, and yet not a good conversationalist, nor in the swim of current literature.

He believes that the first thing to do in order to start a man towards a Christian life is to get him dissatisfied with his present condition. With a considerable knowledge of human nature he expressed the opinion that so many men are satisfied with the pleasures of sin and are so well content in their lost estate that they do not seek for salvation. Fear, he considers, influences the ignorant and the belief that there will be a bitter reaping of consequences is often the motive which impels the more cultured towards a revision of their plan of life. Answering the question as to how much Calvinism was still propounded in Presbyterian pulpits, he told me that hyper-Calvinism is not now generally taught. "The sermons of a hundred years ago," he said, "were long and labored themes on theology in which the preachers very often without reaching the comprehension of their audiences wore themselves out expounding a doctrine. Now there is an endeavor to deal with the topics of the day, and expository preaching has largely taken the place of doctrinal dissertations."

I asked him what he thought were the principal reasons which deterred the ordinary man from church membership and from making an effort to live a Christian life.

"Indulgence in secret sins," he answered.

"To what sins do you refer?"

"Among others, the sins of impurity. Many men who appear to the world to be living almost exemplary lives outside of the church I believe have hidden vices which they would rather retain than enjoy the benefits of Christain fellowship and the assurance of future blessings of which they are probably somewhat skeptical. Many of them are dishonest in business; the fearful importance of their soul's salvation does not disturb them sufficiently to make them abandon their greed of gain. Many others are intemperate, and they feel they would have to leave these vices if they belonged to a church; and they would rather have their whisky than the Saviour. Still many others are impure, have intrigues or vices which dull their sense of honor and destroy their higher impulses. These men are much more numerous than is generally supposed. Of course," said he, "I am a young man in the ministry and have but little experience, and yet I am every day growing more confirmed in this opinion. In looking at these men we wonder what it is that separates them from the mass of church members who appear to be no better than those who stand outside. If we could find out we would see that they have elected to cling to their vices rather than to the virtues which we preach. No doubt there are many others waiting for an experience of saving faith and waiting in vain. I hold that there is only one kind of believing; faith in Christ is like faith in one's neighbor, or faith in any one that is loved and trusted."

I asked him his opinion of Robert Elsmere. He had not read it. Some further questions with regard to Canon Farrar's utterances elicited the fact that he had not read them. In this respect Mr. McTavish is still the country parson; the village preachers read too little of the influencing thought of to-day.

DON.

Our Inquiry Column.

[Correspondents will address—"Inquiry Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office].

Charlie.—The hat is always lifted with the hand farthest from the lady, otherwise the inclination of the head would be obscured by the raised arm.

Clara.—The fault, alas! is entirely yours. The gentleman probably waited only for you to bow first, as, of course, you should have done.

Stephanotis.—Ultra-fashionable people perhaps do discard the use of the knife in eating cheese, but the use of the knife still commends itself to most people.

Undergrad.—Spreading one's napkin over the breast may be very useful, but it is indicative of anything but gentle nurture. On your lap by all means.

Hostess.—Unless your number of guests is very small, and only under certain circumstances should you introduce a newly arrived guest "all round." If it is a custom in certain circles, it is a most absurd one.

Inquirer.—Yes; all questions addressed to this column will receive attention. Possibly it may be two weeks before an answer will appear, but this simply depends on the amount of space at disposal. Shall always be glad to hear from you.

Churchwoman.—You were wrong. The parishioners should call first on the wife of the new rector. Yours is a common mistake, but it is none the less a mistake. The rector's wife should call on the new comers.

Marie.—Never send in cards before you pay a call; leave them on the hall table when you go out. Merely give your name to the servant when you go in. If you are paying a business visit (such as a call to enquire after the character of a servant) you would send up your card first, but not otherwise.

Very Nervous.—Yes, return a first call within a week.

Patience.—(1) It is "good form" to have a description of the wedding and presents, etc., published in the papers. Very smart people do it. (2) It would not be considered pretentious, if you are having a nice wedding and inviting plenty of nice people. (3) If yours is a large house, it would certainly be nice to have a string band, playing at intervals, either on the staircase or in one of the rooms. If on the other hand your house is small, you would find a band altogether too much.

'Varsity Chat.

The ladies at the football match last week were not so numerous as I wish they had been, more thanks to those who came; they were all pretty. The comparatively small attendance is not to be wondered at perhaps, for it is beyond me to imagine how they can see anything through the crowd who stand between them and the ball. There ought to be a space allotted to them on the west side of the field; gallantry would keep it clear of intruders and give the ladies a chance.

*

Mr. E. A. Sullivan, who has returned from an engineering trip in the north to take up his abode in Residence, appeared on the team for the first time this year. There was something appropriate about it.

*

His timely arrival compensates for the loss of Mr. George McClean, who, I am sorry to say, is unable to play, being under saw-bone government for the present.

*

The crowd was quite enthusiastic and twice as noisy, though I observed a deplorable lack of method in the shouting. That inevitable, the man who knows it all, the old player y'know of '81 and '82, he was there with a full supply of advice, which was wasted on the unsympathetic many. Life would hardly be worth living were it not for the garnered wisdom of the past.

*

Mr. J. H. Senkler, '89, who has for two successive years won the championship medal at the athletic games, this year retired. Such magnanimity is rare enough to be worth noting.

*

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner of New York, the distinguished magazine writer, honored us with a visit last week. I noticed the chief librarian calling his attention to the library catalogue while passing through the reading-room. One would rather have expected him, like the Levite of old, to pass by on the other side of such a dilapidated compilation. Did anyone say this was an age of progress?

NEMO.

Mrs. Gladstone.

The French have a derisive saying that there are no "political women" in England, and hence no salons in London. They have no appreciation of that class of English women whose influence is far more important and beneficial to society than is the corresponding class in France. But there is a social factor in English politics, unattainable by any other nation, and possibly only under just such a form of government and with such a ruler as Queen Victoria has proved herself to be. She is in a large sense the leader of the woman movement in her country, a movement which is represented in a stricter sense by Mrs. Gladstone, the wife of England's foremost statesman. In this movement are no diplomats or political female deputies, but women who, knowing the practical work that must be done for humanity, are about it in earnest fashion, giving the world fitting examples of their ability and power as women and workers. To better the condition of the people, not to scheme and wire-pull for a party, is the aim of women like Mrs. Gladstone, whose social power is stronger than the strongest political influence that exists.

She is a noble woman, aside from the fact that her position is so exceptional that her faults would naturally seem trivial, surrounded by the halo of her rank and her husband's fame. As a little child she exhibited the unselfishness which has made her name beloved in England. Her father said of her that she was his most gifted child, and always spoke with subdued pride of the strong character she exhibited in earliest youth. She chose as a schoolgirl the motto, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," and has kept it as hers through life. The practical good sense manifested by her when young has been her magic wand through all the passing years. She is now a woman of seventy-six years, and is the same wise-minded, sensible person that she was when she wrote her chosen sentence in her diary fully seventy years ago. The story of her life would read like a beautiful romance, so full has it been of work, domestic, social and philanthropic, and so overflowing with happiness.

The variety and interest which have marked Mrs. Gladstone's life would have been lacklust to a large extent had she not felt such an overflowing sympathy for the people; for the poor and the trouble burdened, the weary and the faint-hearted. One of her friends was one day lamenting to her that she could do nothing for others because she had not means. "Oh, yes, you can, my dear; you can do something; you can love them." "But that would not help the poor or the sick or the dying," was answered. "Yes, it would; it would cheer and bless and comfort; try it and prove my words," said Mrs. Gladstone, and her visitor parted from her in tears, so heartfelt and earnest were her words.

The story of Mr. Gladstone's public career is in part his wife's; for in all his undertakings she has been a powerful factor. Wherever he has journeyed she has gone; in whatever work he has been engaged she has been at his side, mastering details and keeping pace with him, so that she has been his comrade in all things. Mr. Gladstone at all times and on every fitting occasion pays tribute to the mind and heart of his wife and attributes to her companionship and encouragement the stimulus and the solace without which he could not have undertaken the tasks he has performed. She was his "helpmeet" from their earliest union, and as time passed and their affection for each other grew as a protecting shelter about them, he relied more and more upon her counsels. Always at his side ministering to him and diverting his mind by steady cheerfulness and bright talk, she has made his life an exceptionally joyous one, and she basks in the sunshine of the happiness she has created. For many years, while her children were growing about her and needing her watchful care, she had manifold duties, but for a long time there has been no divided responsibility, and the accustomed way for both of them has been together, and together in a union so close that it is really that exceptional thing a soul-marriage. She alone has shared alike in his labors and his recreations, his triumphs and defeats, and beyond all the incidents of their united lives, her unselfish devotion has been his staff and his support.

New "Stuff and Nonsense" Rhymes.

A. B. Frost, in Scribners' Magazine.

Poor Fuel for Winter.

Sturdy Farmer—Wan' ter marry my darter, eh? Wall, what hav ye got ter support with?

Impecunious Youth—I admit, sir, that I am meagerly supplied with this world's goods; but think of my family connections. We have one of the finest genealogical trees in the country.

Sturdy Farmer—Huh! Won't keep a family in fire-wood mor'n three weeks."

An Able Editor.

Miss Bluestocking (aged 39)—I have sent you a dozen of my poems within the past year and you have returned every one of them. I called to ask what is the matter with them.

Magazine Editor (kindly)—My dear young lady, the great French critic, Renan, says it is impossible for anyone to write well before the age of forty.

Miss Bluestocking—Oh, I see. I will send you some new ones in about twenty years.

Just the Time.

Mrs. Teazem—Surely, you're not going to present that subscription paper to Mr. Standemoff now! Look, there's his butcher coming down the steps, with a face black as night!

Mrs. Pleadit—Why not? This is just the time to find him in a mood for helping public charities. He has just staved off a debt of his own.

At the Church Door.

Mr. Pewrent—Your sermon "On Economy" this morning, doctor, was a very sensible discourse.

Dr. Churchmus—Thank you; it seems to have been appreciated, from the appearance of the contribution basket.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA

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CHAPTER V.

A wonderful transformation now came over Guelda's life. She hardly seemed to know herself, so different was not only her outer raiment, her new existence, with its luxurious surroundings, but also the young girl's inner being.

For all Guelda's thoughts were changed.

There were no more cares for the rent and daily food—there was no more pinch of hunger or pang of cold. Now everything seemed to please her grandfather in her speech and behavior; her hardest exercise was to ride out daily with the old man, which she now did fearlessly and well, her graceful figure drawing his frequent gaze of silent but evident admiration. Lastly, her paramount task was also a keen pleasure—namely, the studies which she toiled with all her heart to acquire, in order to fit herself for the position of a lady.

"What do you know, child?" asked Lord Loudon. "Humph—nothing, I see!"—so he added, with bent white brows, as poor Guelda told fateringly of the village night-school and the simple rudiments she had painstakingly possessed herself of there.

Indeed I learned all I could," she replied, in pleasant confusion of him sparing fault. "Mother told me before dying that, if my father had lived, he would have expected me to be a lady, because we were of gentle birth; and for his sake I tried hard to keep up what I knew and pay for Bino's schooling. And she desired us too to live apart from the village people and people; and we did so—but it was very lonely.

Lord Loudon did not apparently wish to hear more.

"Do you know Italian, at least?" he asked abruptly.

"Oh, yes!"

Guelda had been able to speak nothing else when she came to England about eight years previously. After their mother's death, Bino and she had still always talked with the old nurse in Italian, till the latter also died two winters before.

"Pure Tuscan, thank Heaven!" decided Lord Loudon—himself no mean scholar of modern languages—after testing his grandaughter's proficiency. "Your voice is good too—I overheard you singing in the gallery yesterday. That will do—I hate blue-stockings and girls like living dictionaries. You shall have masters in London next winter I will take you to Paris and Italy."

Guelda possessed indeed a beautiful voice, rich and full and true—a precious gift transmitted by her dead Italian mother. Had she not been adopted by this newly-found grandfather, it might have gained her, if trained, considerable notice on any stage.

Life therefore that summer became a panorama to the girl, daily unrolling fresh wonders; though her new position had its anxieties, she soon learnt with a woman's tact to accommodate herself from gratitude and a sense of duty to the old lord's temper and requirements.

She studied diligently with a governess; she grew daily more beautiful; and Lord Loudon, who had been greatly impressed by her first sight with the girl's likeness to his lamented young wife of long before, grew, though in a stern, silent way, more and more attached to the last daughter of his race. He watched her with a hawk-like eye, but seldom reproved her, and then with punctilious courtesy. The servants, by whom he was feared, as much because of tales of his former harshness as for his present curt speech and haughtiness, watched Guelda's influence softening this old man with amazement.

The truth was, the old man had felt very lonely for years back. The snows of old age were gathering round his temples, and a sudden little young life made spring-time there again. Perhaps he remembered how his dying beautiful wife had intrusted her two baby-boys to his care; in his grief he had shut himself up in seclusion; later he traveled, and sent the little lads to school, seeing not much of them, and consequently little of their faults.

The eldest son grew up wild and careless, and Lord Loudon was startled and greatly angered to find that his heir on coming of age was already deep in debt. Excitedly once or twice, the young man at last involved himself in such disgraceful embarrassments that his father refused ever to help or see him again. Robert Seaton afterwards took refuge from his debtors in Australia, whence came news that he had died in great poverty and obscurity.

That was a deeper blow to the father than any guessed, for Robert was like himself in features and disposition—haughty, unbending—and Lord Loudon had loved him best.

Bertrand was left however; he was then a commander in the Royal Navy. When next the sailor-son came to Sheen Abbey on leave, after one of his voyages, Lord Loudon peremptorily told him he must get married. He was now the last to an old name and property—marriage was his duty.

Good-natured Bertrand winced under his father's command, shuffled, hesitated. The easy going sailor disliked and tried to avoid quarrels, and a dread of his father's anger, deeply implanted in childhood, still weighed heavily upon him.

But the truth had to be divulged—he was married already. When still almost a lad, Bertrand had fallen passionately in love with a beautiful Italian girl, poor, an orphan, but of good family. Dreading his father's anger, liertie had kept the matter quiet; and, as his ship was stationed for a considerable long period in the Mediterranean, he was able to see his wife and little daughter pretty frequently.

If only his father could see how beautiful was his Graziella, how much little Guelda resembled her grandmother; pleaded the young man. But Lord Loudon cut short the description with scathing scorn and fury. A second time he drove a son from his door, desiring Bertrand never to see his face again. When, two or three years later, he read in the newspapers that the gun-boat commanded by Lieutenant Bertrand Seaton had foundered in a hurricane somewhere in the Pacific, and that only two sailors survived to tell the tale, these being picked up after days of drifting in a boat wherein the rest of the crew were corpses—then perhaps—who could say?—he was again saddened. But the lonely man made no effort to trace Bertrand's wife, nor yet to seek out the latter's infant daughter. What was the use? he had sternly said to himself. People of that kind were certain to come begging sooner or later. Bertrand however had married the young wife of a stern father who lived in England near a forest called Dean. They must surely expect his father to relent. Heaven, said the honest sailor, he himself would work for his wife and infant daughter! But when the news came that he was drowned, when also baby Bino was born, poor Graziella started for England with her children, in the hope of finding the dreaded grandfather and gaining some protection for her fatherless babes. On the journey she was taken ill, and died on reaching the first forest village. The old lord was not displeased now, however, at little Bino's unsuspected existence. It was true the boy was Italian in every feature, and Lord Loudon would have preferred an heir resembling his own stock, like Guelda; nevertheless, Bino was his own flesh and blood, too young yet to be as disagreeable as the owner of Sheen had found his other heirs, and of a tractable, even too yielding disposition. He was pleased also that the Loudon title should not die out.

All, therefore, went merrily at the abbey than the old servants remembered for years. In the winter Guelda traveled to Italy with her grandfather, and made surprising progress in all the accomplishments she took up—but then she had inherited gifts long handed down in the Seaton family. In their absence, meanwhile, little Bino was sent to school.

In the spring Guelda was taken to Loudon by her grandfather for the season. The doors of Loudon House, in Belgrave square, were once more opened to society, and the most beautiful women, many bearing the highest titles in the land, with men whose fame and names were world-wide, crossed its threshold.

For, although Lord Loudon had been a recluse so long at Sheen Abbey, he had by no means given up the world. Celebrated in his young days as a *viveur*, in widowed middle age he had become somewhat noted as a traveler and man of letters who had kept up relations with his compeers in intellect. Not only his pride, but his affection had grown so entirely centred in Guelda that the old man was determined to see his granddaughter become "a success" before he died. To this end he sought out the assistance of some connections of the Seaton family who were very great ladies indeed, and who, though old enough to remember, perhaps with lingering regret, the once handsome and hot-headed young Loudon, were not too old to cease delighting in the whirl of society. Their kind downright love for young girl kindly, with somewhat surprised approbation. They decided she was to know only the best people, to be presented at the first Drawing-Room; balls and receptions were to be given to introduce her.

Guelda was almost bewildered at the number of beautiful dresses and sparkling jewels that seemed to rain from the skies upon her by her grandfather's orders, by the crowds of acquaintances whose cards of calls and invitations showered thick as leaves at the big house in Belgrave square; above all, she was dazzled by the brilliancy of her first parties.

Lord Loudon—perhaps he wishes were more quickly and completely realized than any one but the fickle Goddess of Fortune could have foreseen, at first seemed pronounced a success, but a sensation. She was at once declared to be one of the belles—some among her newly-sprung admirers even hotly declared, "the belle" of the season. Besides, it was rumored there was a romance attached to the beautiful young *débutante's* history. No one exactly knew the story, but wonderful rumors were afloat of how Lord Loudon had found her in a gipsies' camp or travelling with a circus. Whoever she entered a drawing-room a little buzz of curiosity went through the fashionable throng, and heads were craned to see "the beautiful Miss Seaton" of whom could have turned a hair's breadth to notice a great mathematician or philosopher.

Guelda, first learnt her power at a splendid ball given by the Duke of Islay, about a week after she had been presented at court. She had just slowly made her way beside her grandfather by the magnificent marble staircase that was thronged with guests. This staircase cost a former Duke of Islay half a year's income, so famous were the statues set in the niches on the one side, so glorious was the beaten iron-work of the balustrade on the other—for this old Duke had been brought from the Low Countries, and was once the *magnum opus* of some by-gone master of iron-craft.

"What a crowd!" exclaimed, testily, an old gentleman near her, to whom she drew towards found was a famous composer. "And who are they all looking at—eh?"—for many faces were turned in her direction, and the crowd pressed closer there.

"Ah, not at you or me, my friend! The new beauty is the attraction—Miss Seaton. All the world is raving about her," replied a venerable elderly man, in a tone of amused malice, which, though whispered, Guelda's tingling ears heard distinctly. The hot blood rushed to her face through satirical smile, and wore a star on his coat. She already recognized him as a well-known diplomatist.

"The girl is a man-headed noodle," grumbled the slighted possessor of music's divine gift, who glared around angrily, unconscious that his companion's rival in popular favor was actually beside him. "Because a young woman has a pretty face, she is worshipped or exalted on her very first appearance, while men may toil their lives long at honorable struggles for fame without any fool caring a button for them. Bah—it is disgusting!"

Guelda had only time to recover from the great surprise of hearing that she was "raved about" as a beauty, when she was startled so shy in this London crowd of rank, riches, and fashion, so painfully rustic—when she found herself kindly welcomed by Lady Grizel Airlie, the Duke's only and unmarried sister, who acted as hostess for her brother. Lady Grizel had the reputation of being brusque and taking strong, likes or dislikes to new acquaintances; she was, though young, a personage of considerable importance in society, not only on account of her birth, but also because of her singular straightforward determination of character. On first meeting Guelda she had shown a most decided partiality towards her, and in a few days it was the talk of the town questing that her new friend should first "come out" at this ball.

Old Lord Loudon had confided a peculiar smile under his gray moustache at this; then he gravely told Guelda she ought to feel deeply flattered.

As the young girl now advanced, leaning, in her exquisitely-fitting white dress veiled with gossamer tulle, like a tall white lily, Lady Grizel, herself a handsome brunette, smiled kindly upon the lovely vision.

"My dear," she said, "my brother, the Duke of Islay, wishes to renew a former slight acquaintance with you."

Guelda looked round, surprised. Then a sudden look of recognition darted into her great blue-black eyes.

A pleasant-faced young man, with an amused but very kindly smile, was bowing to her. He was one of the two strangers who had helped to save Lord Loudon's life in the forest—not "St. Michael"—no—but still the other.

CHAPTER VI.

"I am so surprised!" exclaimed Guelda, with a spontaneous brightness of look and manner that was not lost upon the lovely vision recognised in the gentleman introduced to her the Duke of Islay.

"You must forgive me for not allowing my sister to tell you before. I wished to enjoy another unexpected *rencontre* on your part." replied the duke smiling. "Please forgive him with me, in token of pardon for my little ruse!"

He led Guelda, talking to her at once in a friendly tone, of old acquaintances, through the fashionable crowd which filled the splendid suite of drawing-rooms and into the great ballroom beyond, which looked like a dark mirror, reflecting the clusters of dazzling lights overhead. Groups of gilded youths, who had already proclaimed the beautiful Miss Seaton as their divinity for the season, observed to each other, in envious tones, "Islay seems as much attracted as the rest." Indeed no one ever saw the duke pay so much attention to any girl before. Many mothers also watched, feeling jealously for their daughters' sakes that it was hard that the young duke, who was one of the best matches in England, should never have seemed to care for dancing or for ladies' society hitherto, having always preferred hunting, travelling and shooting big game. But now—there was no doubt of it, if any one watched his face—a task many eyes took upon themselves that evening—he was evidently much smitten by one whom they believed to be an utter stranger to him.

Guelda guessed nothing of all these thoughts in the crowd around her; no idea that she might be soon, if not already, the object of envy and detraction, because so much admiration, threw the least shadow on her bond mind. In her innocence she was guilelessly happy; the world was beautiful, full of glad surprises; everyone was kind.

It was so delightful to be able to talk to you about the dear old forest, because you know—or perhaps you can guess a little—what my home-life was like!" she exclaimed, in a burst of confidence, feeling almost as if she had found a relative in Islay, who had been mixed up in her strange, romantic life very of interest how Guelda herself felt in her new circumstances.

"My grandfather does not wish me to talk about those days before he met with us to any of these new acquaintance," she went on confidentially. "It is sometimes very awkward if they ask questions; but, as you know, it does not matter—does it?"

"Certainly not, I think!" returned the flattered Duke, delighted to find this secret bond of sympathy already established between himself and the beautiful girl whose every look and motion his eyes were certainly feeling in duty bound to accord unstinted admiration.

"How was it, may I ask, though, that Lord Loudon himself never told you my name? He knew it in the forest."

"I think he would like to forget all about that meeting," said Guelda musingly; "he always seems to treat my past as if it had no existence—as if our lives began when he went for my brother and me to live with him at Sheen Abbey. He is so good that perhaps it grieves him to remember our early days."

"I don't know who would not be kind to you," said Islay, with what Guelda took to be a glance of quite brotherly regard, and was grateful for accordingly. Then, changing his earnest tone, rather like a big schoolboy abashed at his own daring, he went on abruptly, in a sort of good-humored banter.

"Come and see how you look in this mirror; your story is like Cinderella at the ball, isn't it? I wonder if you have met your prince yet?"

"Ah, that I cannot tell you!" said Guelda, laughing and blushing the while, then, pleasantly—"Let us hope I may never have to go back to my rags and the kitchen; that would be dreadful!"

"You will never have to do that," said Islay emphatically, looking at her still in the mirror. "It will be your own choice certainly if you ever do."

As they stood alone for a few moments in the boudoir, the fair vision in the mirror, which the young Duke looked at almost humbly in his adoration, was his hostess' young sister. He had never been by woman's likeness before, was truly so lovely that it was a strange thought to imagine it associated with Cinderella's poverty, neglect, and ill-usage. Tall and slender, Guelda's figure was classical in its harmonious outlines, while her veins and entry were thrilled with health and youth. Among all the other—and many of them beautiful—women there, she was the most graceful and unmistakably the most attractive.

She did not heed that Islay was drinking in her beauty through his boyish-looking gray eyes. She was looking more enhanced herself with delight at the scene around her. The room they had reached was transformed into a bower of roses, roses everywhere covering the walls and even hanging overhead with a canopy of garlands drawn tent-wise together. There were great banks of delicately-scented *gloires de Dijons*, with pale-green leaves and white-satin and pelest blush roses, veiled by maiden-hair ferns, while the air was musical with the plash of mimic fountains.

Guelda felt thrilled with pleasure as their scent seemed to steal into her soul, calling up poetic, paradisical visions, vague but utterly delightful, beyond the reaches of day-life.

"It is roses, roses everywhere," came from her own rose-leaf lips, through which her teeth pulled in a gleam of dimpling smile. Then, with a little sigh of satisfaction, she murmured. "How perfect! It is like the realization of a dream to me, for, as flowers are perhaps the most beautiful gift to man, I think I love roses the best of all; and I have never till now seemed to have enough of them."

"This is the realization of a dream to me," said Islay, in a low voice, fixing his eyes on her face with an earnest expression.

Guelda's glances were still wandering round, however, as if never satisfied with the feast, and heeded him in her innocent occupation. He went on in a more ordinary voice, seeing that his meaning had not impressed her.

"You yourself admire roses more, but to me the lily is the queen of flowers. Just look round you and then in the mirror, and say you see."

Guelda laughed. She saw his meaning, for in all the charming fairy bower there was no white lily to be seen, though the one green mirror at the end reflected a slender, snowy vision that stood the central point of all.

Some one else, looking in past the heavy silken *portiere* of the doorway, thought so too, and murmured half unwillingly in his heart.

"A lily woman crowned with gold." His glance also, like that of Islay, was admiringly watching every turn of Guelda's lovely neck; but there was a curious discontent in this man's expression, as if he had discovered his better judgment. And still the late watcher by the door lounged apparently idly outside.

The duke and Guelda sat down on a low divan embedded in flowers, and continued their delightfully conversation—happy talk that came, as if all bright with the sunshine of her mind, from the girl's lips. The duke was rejoiced to hear her; this was just as he had thought and hoped, he told himself. She still remained fresh and unaffected and fearless of the world in her new surroundings, just in the days when she was a simple forest girl—a gentle savage, as Grizel had said.

"Then you are perfectly and truly happy? Pray tell me!" Islay asked, looking into Guelda's face with an interest few women had ever seen in his own before; for he was no squire of dames, this cherry-faced young man, the model of a country gentleman and sportsman. "Is there anything you have still left to wish for in your life? Tell me, if there be, as you seem—what I have never known a woman to be before—utterly content."

"Is any one perfectly contented, I wonder?" said Guelda, as if asking herself, a slight shadow stealing over her face, a tinge of regret in her voice. "Is there not always a little something wanting—not in one's own life, but would give the best sparkle to the cup—one if to make the world seem a perfectly pleasant place?"

"I should indeed be glad to know what your 'if' is, if only it could be found or removed, to make your life quite happy. Will you not tell me?"

"A mere nothing—a crumpled rose-leaf—one ray of sunshine wanting out of the many—one note in all the music!" laughed Guelda, her rose blush just deepening in her cheeks. "Shall we go back to the ballroom, please! It—it seems time."

The Duke had really forgotten time—his duties as host—everything but his companion. But his pride in her had made Guelda shine more vividly than usual the one thing needful, as she now always felt, to complete her happiness in any delightful spot—the one want her young heart sighed for while dancing in all the luxuries of Sheen, and again when feeling steeped in classic beauty and scenes and South-ern sunshine, her mind almost craved for admiration at Rome. Yes; wherever she went, Guelda's eyes always wandered, hoping that somehow—they might one day see—but always in vain!

The Duke led his partner out of the bower of roses, her sweet face still tinged with the lingering blush, like sunset-glow on snow; the next moment Guelda felt her heart suddenly give an up-leap within her, and begin to beat rapidly. Such a thing had never happened before. She almost felt frightened at the phenomenon, and, suddenly withdrawing her hand, being checked, she stretched out both hands to Roland Airlie, who was standing just outside the bower, with a sudden light of great glad surprise in her eyes, while her voice rang out in unfeigned joy.

"How are you! I am so glad to meet you again!"

She was looking into the sea-blue eyes, had recognised in one swift glance the rare manly beauty of feature—the face of "St. Michael." The sudden joy was evident enough to him gazer for one instant however, the quick grasp in which he took the eager small hands held out to him, caused a sudden amazed look to dawn upon him, blushed, frightened by her own eagerness, which seemed unmaidenly, as her patron saint said no word, but only looked at her, she hung her head slightly, and faltered shyly.

"But I forgot—perhaps you do not even remember me. I met you only once in the Forest of Dean, with your friend"—she looked upward, seeking, curiously enough, the Duke's protecting help in her dilemma.

Islay stood looking on. The late unusual light had suddenly filled in his gray eyes; there seemed to be something—a gravity newly awakened in his honest face as his gaze turned slowly from Guelda to her brother. He was quicker than the change in Guelda's expression, a sudden alteration, almost coldness of deference, came over Roland Airlie.

Why could it came this change that Islay hardly had time to notice his action or late fervor of startled pleasure: the young man had dropped his uncovered head, and, ignoring the hands, as also his gaze, and it was in a measured musical voice of deepest courtesy that he replied—

"Why, that has once been the pleasure of meeting Miss Seaton would be likely to forget the event? I have not forgotten it, at least."

Guelda's eyes rested on flower in the speaker's coat. It was, oddly enough, only a single spray of blue hyacinth, set off by some maiden-hair—not a wild blue-bell, but as nearly approaching one as could be. Her cousin Ethel showed at once by a droop of her lashes that she understood; Roland divined as much by a strange secret sympathy between them. Guelda had stood silent, both from full of gladness at seeing him again and too shy to speak. In her simple mind she was expecting him to ask her to dance, to lead her out, to talk to her. But then Guelda had held such long delightful talks in her mind with him ever since they had parted, she seemed to understand the inner-moods of his nature so well.

Perhaps Ronald guessed something of all this, for it was with a grave regret in his voice that he said, "I regret, Miss Seaton, that at Islay."

"I am very unfortunate in being unable to take advantage of the slight acquaintance your kindness allows me to claim, as I am obliged to leave town to-morrow morning. Islay, you'll forgive me? You know I would stay if I could."

The words were uttered with a courtesy and charm of manner to which the speaker was acknowledged to be unrivalled.

"What—so soon! Must you really go, Roland?" exclaimed the Duke affectionately. "Why, this is almost as bad as if I were to desert our guests!"

"I am far more sorry than you can be, but stern duty calls me away. My only pleasure after this moment to-night"—and he gave an expressive glance, as if he could not help it, at the flower on which Guelda's eyes had fallen—"my last short pleasure will be one dance with our hostess Ethel; I will, with your permission, wish her well to Islay and a low bow to Guelda, Roland Airlie moved slowly away.

"I believe you and my sister are somewhat friends, Miss Seaton. I am glad of it," said the Duke, in an absent voice.

"Lady Grizel! Oh, yes! She is very handsome, and so kind to me!"

"She is a good girl," said the Duke, still preoccupied; but Guelda's next words, hesitatingly uttered, made him look at her in surprise.

"And please, who is he!"

"He! Who! Why, Ronald Airlie, my cousin! I thought you would know."

"I did know his name," replied Guelda softly; in her heart she thought, "It is a singing name; the syllables flow easily—'Ronald'—'Ronald Airlie.' It would be an old Scottish ballad."

Then once more they entered the great ball-room, glittering in the lights of the crystal chandeliers, and the young girl was glad, when descried and followed the figures of Ronald Airlie and Lady Grizel, his cousin, dancing among the other brilliant coupies. She was likely to continue glad, with her quick, humorous smile and dark bright eyes. Guelda herself danced all night with the "best partners." Many were triumphs that were besides that of the Duke of Islay, which from his repeated attentions later, the universal consent attributed to her.

"Oh, yes," she said to her grandfather, whose keen cold face was lit up by a haughty smile, "it was a delightful ball!"—and she said the truth, for she was in a dreamy happiness of young beauty on her evident triumphs. But, at the same, poor Guelda felt that Ronald Airlie's face vanished—that he was gone, and all these months she had so longed and hoped in her foolish heart to see him again!

CHAPTER VII.

All that season the beautiful Miss Seaton's dresses and appearance and movements were dwelt on in the society journals. Her success was considered brilliant beyond that of a previous generation. The older men recalled anecdotes of the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and the belles of the early part of the century; their wrinkled faces grew bright, their halting steps quickened with a rejuvenated air if her brown eyes flashed upon them.

Guelda was never in the treadmill of fashion as eagerly and untiringly as any. She rode in the park in the mornings beside old Lord Loudon, who insisted that she had enough of sufficient to draw many eyes admiringly when not attracted by its rider's perfect seat and faultless face and figure. She was also cited as the heiress, the young Duke's partner, and lived in a world of sixty thousand pounds, and rumors doubled and trebled her fortune.

In the afternoons Guelda was driven down to Hurlingham or Ranelagh on the smartest coach in the Queen's Hand Club. At nights she passed, comet-like, from dinners to operas, concerts, dances, followed by an adoring train. At all the festivities most eagerly desired, at the most exclusive of the exclusive, she was invariably seen. At Ascot, at royal balls and garden parties, lastly at Goodwood, Guelda Seaton was the centre of attraction to all eyes.

Strangely enough, though she had many rivals by men, she was also more so than most other girls by women. Perhaps it was because of her perfect simplicity and the faithful to others' goodness and beauty that beamed so clearly in her joyous eyes. Or was it because she was heiress to have refused offers from excellent offers of marriage that envy itself could only suppose her foolishly romantic, or declare she had evidently resolved to become Duchess of Islay, after she had amused herself during the season? Meanwhile it was to her credit that her head was not turned by flattery. If Guelda was weary of her life, on a circus or a caravan, she was properly modest.

"I believe the real truth is that Guelda Seaton does not know what it is to be in love," laughed Lady Grizel Airlie one day to a particular acquaintance of hers, speaking with smiling, but in a good-humored frank tone, resembling that of her brother Islay.

"I myself do not admire these faultless phenomena of our sex who are so icily cold. Their chief virtue only means, in my opinion, that they have no heart," answered her companion, Lady Ermyntrude Gamble.

"This lady was a somewhat faded beauty who had in by-gone summers possessed what influence over Islay which an older and handsome woman often possesses over a very young man. Her sway, always limited, was now past; and, being childless, married only to a country parson, she resented finding herself "supplanted," as she termed it, in the ducal favor.

"Miss Seaton is far from cold, I can assure you," calmly replied Lady Grizel Airlie, who had an uncomfortable mania, so Lady Ermyntrude thought, for always defending the absent. Furthermore, she was passionately fond of her few particular friends, of whom Guelda was one, having already given one of the warmest corners of her heart to the young girl. "She has a charming nature," went on Islay's sister, bent on defending Islay's love. "Though she is so much admired, she remains unspoilt and simple as a child. Then her heart too—her grandfather is so pretty, though he is very imperious and rather difficult to please."

"Naturally, my dear—her fortune depends upon it," laughed Lady Ermyntrude a little sharply.

"As if she need care for that, with the richest men in London at her feet!" was Grizel's contemptuous rejoinder, with flashing eyes. "No. And her heart is still, I fancy, like an unlit altar which stands ready waiting for divine fire to come down from the sky. Not every passer-by can light it with his vulgar box of lucifer matches. But when the sacred flame does appear, it will burn once and for all gloriously.

"Then, my dear, I am sorry for your friend. For the women who can burn only one great love in their lives and burn out their hearts with it are, I notice, always unhappy. They generally dress up some ordinary individual with all the qualities of an ideal, and turn heart-sick from disappointment on finding that the swine does not care to munch their pearls; or else they cherish a secret passion for some one utterly out of the question—hopelessly poor, or beneath them in station, or with some insurmountable disadvantage. Well, goodbye; I must be going."

Lady Grizel was inwardly vexed. She knew there was some truth in her visitor's words. Could it be as true that Guelda, whom the elder girl had learnt to regard with something of a sister's protecting fondness, had really formed a hopeless attachment, dating back from her cottage life in the forest? "I trust—I pray not, for Islay's sake!" she said to herself. "He is so utterly in love with her that he will never care for any woman in the same way. He is right to wait however; for Guelda is young and romantic enough to refuse him, as she has refused so many others, if she had captivated her fancy. None she treats him as a trusted friend—that is a good foundation. If she cared for any of those others too, she could surely have them at her feet very quickly." Then, with a sigh—"Well, it may all come right. We may all be happy yet together."

And for a fleeting moment Lady Grizel saw a quartette in her mind's eye, of which she was one and beside herself the only man she believed she had ever loved; she had loved him since she was a little child. She little knew that Guelda Seaton also had a secret of romance deep in her young heart, under its hush-of-pleasure. Perhaps Islay was right, little indeed that season of him whom she called "St. Michael." She caught only glimpses of Ronald Airlie at times, perhaps in the street or the Park. He never seemed to have an opportunity of addressing her again; and sometimes she tormented herself, wondering if he ever sought one.

"Strange! He looked so very glad when we met that night—that look was genuine, and he wore my flower, I remember, mused. "Yet he has never tried to know me better; and Lady Grizel and so many others all keep wondering why he has given up society so much this year. They say he is still at home and fond of their gatherings hitherto. Perhaps Grizel will tell me more about him, if I have courage to ask, when time for my visit to Sheen."

For, after Goodwood, a large and brilliant party was to be gathered within the formerly long-deserted abbey walls. Society London seemed suddenly to have emerged from the long winter of his discontent and old age, and to have found a fresh spring-time in the smiles of his young daughter. Festivities were planned that woke up the whole country-side around Sheen Abbey to a sense of coming gaieties. Guelda would have sincerely tried to be quite content had her grandfather expressed a wish to live quietly in the country for a few months. But it was he himself who declared his grandaughter was too dull without young companions; while he was able to see her enjoy herself, the sight made him young, and, in his old age, he was glad, though very grateful, and also unselfish, towards her grandparent and benefactor, still she was young. Besides, amusements, constant society, friends, and the incense of admiration were all her becoming a daily necessity to the lately poor girl who had picked forest blue-bells for market, nay who had wept when she lost her work in a farmer's dairy.

"And, if I am very busy, there will be no time for thinking about him," sagely concluded the carried young beauty, regretting too much and wise, and not to long to catch the sunbeam that ever flickered ahead in the distance.

The Duke also was very glad when he looked forward to the prospect of being with Guelda in the leafy glades and sylvan scenery of Sheen Abbey. It is so noisy and crowded and glaring in town now," he thought to himself, having stayed far later than usual, and given up for a time his accustomed fishing-trip to Islay, to the surprise of his friends.

"Down there she will be more alone; and perhaps she will learn to care a little for me. Here I am—a fellow with a high rank and fortune, just like her, who cares nothing; or my coronet, I can swear, and who is surrounded by so many men ready to do so in such a dazzling creature than a commonplace, dull-brain fellow like me."

One thought especially made Guelda eager to go home, yet shadowed her anticipations of sunny days to come. Bino—her little Bino—had been sent back to Sheen from school some weeks before in delicate health. There was nothing specially the matter with him, the doctor reported, but he would require home care and plenty of nourishment for a year or two. Guelda fell—oh! very pure—that she could easily nurse him into health again and was, woman-like, glad at the thought of having her petted little brother back in her sole loving care; but she was not blind to the fact that their mother's delicacy of constitution gave a serious look to her great brown eyes and dimmed her smiles.

(To be Continued.)

Taught Him Politeness.

The pay-train stopped at Willow Bend to pay the hands to come. Bino—half little Bino—cattle that had been killed on the track in that section. A gaunt, hungry-looking granger stepped up to the smart young man who was dispensing the cash to the long line of men.

Granger—Got my name on your books, Mister?

Clerk—How should I know, unless you tell me your name!

"Kerrect you are. You have got the edge on me there, Mister. My name is Rufus McConkey."

"Yes," said the smart young man to his books; "Mr. McConkey, I've got you down for a hog."

"I have me down for a hog, have you! Well, I'll have you down and be on top of you, makin' it sorter excitin' to you, if you don't revise that remark. Now, say after me: Col. McConkey, School Trustee, Fourth District: Your name, sir, is on this here list, as a boney fider creditor of the I. and G. N. Railroad, which the amount of my collum, which I reported to Berkshire hogs; said amount of ten dollars it do me proud to hand to you. Won't you have a cigar, Colonel?"

The smart young assistant paymaster repeated after Mr. McConkey word for word, handed Mr. McConkey the ten dollars, and gave him a cigar. Colonel McConkey put the hammer of the six-shooter back to half-cock, and then strode out, muttering: "Some city jackrabbits they're smart, but they'll find they has to come out on the perat to learn perliteness an' grammar."

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.

HAZEL BECOMES A HEROINE.

Her grace called precisely at a quarter past two and found the girls awaiting her and looking as fresh and fair as the flowers newly bloomed; Belle in a dainty pink chambrey, and Hazel in a crisp blue lawn that made a delightful contrast with her fair skin and shining hair. The face of the duchess beamed with pleasure as she looked upon them.

"I am afraid you will have a dull time of it, my dears, with an old woman like me," she said, giving a hand to each, as they sprang into the carriage.

"No, indeed," Belle retorted, gayly, as she stooped to imprint a kiss upon the good woman's still fair cheek, "no one can ever be dull with you, and one does not often have the pleasure of riding with the dearest old lady in the world."

"Tut, tut, charter-box, I've got beyond the age of flattery;" her grace returned, smilingly, but looking pleased nevertheless, at both the compliment and the hearty caress; "but truly, I believe I enjoy young folks now as well, if not better, than I ever did. Miss Gay, how are you getting on with this giddy, untamed young lady?"

Hazel's face dimpled, and her eyes rested affectionately upon Belle's animated countenance.

"She is very tame with me, your grace," she replied.

"Indeed I am not your ladyship," Belle broke in, half in jest, half in earnest, "only this morning I behaved shockingly to her, but if mamma will just keep her long enough I almost believe she'll turn me out an angel yet."

The duchess laughed pleasantly and thought Hazel very lovely, with that delicate flush coming and going in her round cheeks. Then she began to point out certain places of interest to her charges and to tell them something of their history.

When they reached Purgatory, which was truly too beautiful a place to have been so named, in spite of the frightful gorge or chasm, which some convulsion of nature had made by rending a hill of granite in twain, Lord Nelson, who had been watching for their arrival, came forward to assist them to alight.

The company were just completing their lunch, but he led the duchess to a comfortable seat, which he had previously arranged for her, and insisted upon serving them with the most tempting viands.

Her grace said she would have a roll and a little salad, but Belle and Hazel preferred cake and cream.

Charles Harwood and one or two other gentlemen, who had met the young girls the previous evening, came forward and vied with each other in serving them. Belle's quaint remarks and frank criticisms amused them, while Hazel charmed them by her more refined wit and sparkle.

"You should have been named Witch Hazel," Lord Nelson said, in a low tone, as he bent to take her empty plate, the remark having been called forth by a sally of wit that had evoked peals of laughter from her listeners.

"Why, my lord, what little bird has been whispering my secret in your ear? I have been called by that name ever since I can remember," she returned, a bright color suffusing her cheeks.

"No little bird, but only your own witching self betrayed it to me," he returned, in a voice intended for her ear alone.

"Really, Miss Gay, you appear to be holding quite a court! Pray what subject do you find so entertaining and absorbing?"

It was Helena Stewart who spoke in the softest and most dulcet tones, and glancing up, Hazel found that young lady standing near, an expression of amusement and indulgence upon her high-bred face, as if she considered it a rare joke for a governess to be playing the lady in that style.

In spite of her smiling face and musical tones a shiver of repugnance ran through Hazel's nerves. There was something about the beautiful belle that had always chilled and repelled her, and now she instinctively detected a hidden malice which warned her that Helena Stewart was her bitter foe.

"Cake and strawberry cream, just now, Helena, constitute the most entertaining topic I and for discussion," interrupted Belle, who was just finishing the second plateful of her favorite ice.

"Oh! I imagined that pearls and diamonds must be dropping from Miss Gay's lips, by the way everybody was hanging upon her words," retorted Miss Stewart, with a gay laugh, which seemed simply to point an inoffensive jest, although the keen edge of her intended satire cut Hazel to the heart.

She was too proud-spirited to show it, however, and, passing her empty plate to Lord Nelson, she asked, composedly:

"Have you been down into the gorge, Miss Stewart? I am told that it is a very weird place."

"Yes: I have been there, and it is as dismal as the grave," replied Helena, briefly, and with a shrug of her shapely shoulders.

"Come, Harwood," said Lord Nelson, "we must do the honors for these young ladies; if you will attend Miss Belle, I will escort Miss Gay. Miss Stewart," to Helena, "may I leave her grace in your care until our return?"

Helena bowed assent with her sweetest smile, but the look with which she aimed at Hazel, as she took the young lord's proffered arm, showed that she possessed less of self-control than usual that day.

The four young people went off upon their exploring expedition, and a merry time they had of it, for both Belle and Hazel were in their gayest mood, and when they returned they came laden with honeysuckle and fragrant wild roses.

Helena was quick to notice the dainty little *boutionere* which Lord Nelson wore, and surmised, with more of accuracy than pleasure, whose hand had placed it there.

Hazel had enjoyed her ramble and came back looking so flushed and happy that the duchess remarked, as she approached her:

"Dear child, how you enjoy life! If your face is the mirror of your heart, what a well-spring of joy there must be within it."

"His lordship's face seems to be a mirror also, just now," Helena observed, in a tone which her grace alone caught, and glancing quickly at him she remarked the look of admiration, blended with some feeling even stronger with which he was regarding the beautiful girl.

She started slightly, and then grew suddenly grave. What she saw as she quietly watched the young people for an hour longer did not tend to lift the cloud from her brow, and she at last turned to Lord Nelson, remarking:

"I think we should be returning very soon, my son. I would like to get home before the dew begins to fall."

"Any time you choose, your grace," he replied, going immediately to her side. "Shall I order the carriage now?"

"Yes," she told him, and in ten minutes it was ready for her.

He gave her his arm and conducted her to it and saw that she was comfortably seated, then assisted Belle and Hazel to enter.

The other members of the party had ridden and their horses were being brought forward for them to mount.

Helena had followed the duchess to her carriage, and stood beside it while Lord Nelson arranged the robes about its occupants. She wore a perfectly fitting habit of dark blue cloth, a tall crowned hat, and long Suede gauntlets. She looked very handsome, and her fine figure had never shown to better advantage.

In her left hand, which hung carefully behind her, she carried her riding-whip which had a costly and beautifully carved handle of ivory.

Just as the carriage was about to start she stepped back, and in doing so her foot became entangled in the long skirt of her habit, she lost her balance and with a low cry of fear, she fell to the ground. That low cry changed to shriek of agony before she touched it. Lord Nelson sprang forward and lifted her instantly, and beneath her the beautiful riding-whip lay shivered into one of the ragged ends of the fractured handle so as stained with blood.

"You are hurt," said the young lord, regarding her anxiously.

"A little, I think—my arm pains me," she said with white lips, but trying to smile; then she swayed dizzily and seemed about to faint.

Hazel sprang from the carriage with a startled exclamation.

"She is bleeding; her sleeve is saturated with blood," she cried, and, true enough, a crimson stream was trickling down her hand, while her sleeve was literally dripping with blood.

She had broken her whip in her fall, and one of the sharp points had evidently inflicted a serious wound in her arm.

"Give me a knife, somebody," Hazel commanded, in quick, authoritative tones.

Two or three were at her disposal in less time than it takes to tell it, and, seizing one, with great presence of mind and a steady hand, she ripped Helena's sleeve from top to bottom, disclosing her beautiful arm and a ragged wound, just over an artery, from which the blood was pouring profusely.

Hazel had round her waist a blue belt with long ends, and this she wrenched off with one motion of her hand.

She had once heard Percy say that a ligature would stop profuse bleeding, and she had made that well her part, if she should be applied.

"Help me, Lord Hartwell," she said. "Hold this end just here while I bandage her arm."

He obeyed supporting Helena with one arm, while he held the ribbon with his other hand.

With swift and steady fingers Hazel did her work, binding her sash above the wound and knotting it firmly over the artery.

"You hurt me, Miss Gay," Helena said, weakly, but with a note of impatience in her voice.

"It will have to hurt you, Miss Stewart," Hazel replied, "but you must try to bear it until you can have surgical aid. This ligature will be very uncomfortable, even painful, but it will probably prevent your bleeding to death. There, now I will bind my handkerchief over the wound, and, Lord Hartwell, she must go at once in the carriage to have it cared for."

"Yes, indeed," said the duchess, who had been wonderingly observant of all that had occurred, but rendered so weak and faint by the sight of blood that she could offer to do nothing. "Put her in here beside me, and we will drive directly to Sir Henry Harwood's. Fortunately we shall find him at home tonight."

Lord Nelson carefully helped Helena into the carriage, and made her as comfortable as circumstances would permit. She was very pale and weak from loss of blood, but she had a strong will and she bore up bravely.

Hazel thoughtfully wrapped the wounded arm in a soft shawl which she had brought to protect herself from the evening air, and then, the others having mounted, the company set out upon their return.

"Can you bear to ride fast, dear?" the duchess asked of Helena, and feeling anxious to get her under surgical care as soon as possible.

"Yes, the faster the better," she replied, for she was suffering greatly and longed to be relieved from that painful bandage.

When they reached Sir Henry Harwood's residence he was just alighting from his own carriage, having that moment arrived from the station.

He was accompanied by another gentleman whom Hazel recognized with a start and a thrill which set every pulse throbbing with joy.

"Percy!" she said, under her breath, "how came he here!"

The good doctor came bustling up to the duchess carriage to ascertain what was wanted of him, and when the accident had been explained to him he remarked in his cheerful, reassuring way:

"Well, well, young lady, so you've been getting into trouble again. However, you'll stand it well enough, and we will have you fixed all right very shortly."

He assisted her into the house, made her lie down upon a lounge in the pretty home-like parlor, and then proceeded to examined her wound.

"Here, Morton," he called, as a step sounded without in the hall, "lend a hand, will you!" and Percy entered the room.

"He saw Hazel instantly, for she had followed Helena and the duchess, anxious to learn how serious the wound was, and her eyes kindled with pleasure. He smiled and nodded at her, but could not stop to speak with her for Sir Henry's tone had told him that he needed him at once.

The wound was not a serious one, although it might have been but for Hazel's prompt treatment and Percy's heart grew warm with pride and love as the doctor described her wonderful presence of mind and the way she had bandaged the bleeding arm.

"It will soon heal," Sir Henry said, after the artery had been taken up and the ragged wound skilfully treated, "your blood is young and pure and you will not experience much inconvenience from it; at the same time, Miss Stewart, you owe a great deal to that plucky young lady; you would probably have bled to death but for that ligature. You're quite a little surgeon, my dear," he added, turning to where Hazel had stood. "Bless me! where is she?" he concluded, looking disappointed at not finding her, for the young girl had slipped out unobserved.

Percy found her a little later alone upon the veranda, looking flushed and weary, a troubled expression in her deep blue eyes.

The duchess and Mrs. Harwood were up stairs with Helena, who was under the doctor's orders to remain quietly where she was for the night, and Sir Henry was in his office preparing a quieting mixture for his patient; so these two had an opportunity to meet unobserved.

Hazel sprang up from the rocker where she was sitting as Percy approached her, and gave him both her hands, but she drew back slightly when he would have kissed her.

"Oh! Percy, I am so glad to see you," she said, with a heartiness not to be doubted, while her lip quivered with emotion. "How did you happen to come to Brighton?"

"Sir Henry sent for me," Percy answered, as he released her hands, feeling slightly hurt at her refusal to receive his proffered caress. "That is," he added, "he telegraphed me to meet him in London to-day, to consult with him upon a matter of importance, and then insisted that I should come here to spend the night."

"Could you leave your patients?" Hazel inquired.

"Yes; Kingston is remarkably healthful just at present," Percy returned, smiling, "besides, I expect to leave Kingston very soon."

CHAPTER XX.

A CHANGE IN PERCY'S AFFAIRS.

"Going to leave Kingston! why, you are but just established there!" Hazel exclaimed, astonished.

"True, but Sir Henry wishes me to go to London to share his practice," Percy returned. "He has made a very generous offer, and I am to give him my answer to-night or to-morrow. He says that he finds his large practice wearing upon him—that, as he grows older, he would like to drop gradually out of professional life. He has been on the lookout for some time for some one to assume a portion of his duties, and lift his ever increasing burden from his shoulders. He was so pleased with my treatment of Miss Stewart's case at Osterly, that he has been making inquiries regarding me, and has concluded that I am the man he wants."

"Then hereafter you will be settled in London," said Hazel, reflectively.

"Yes, if I accept his offer, and I think I shall; and Hazel, my income will henceforth be much larger than it has ever been; will you not come to me now and let me take care of you. One reason why I came to Brighton to-night, was to ask you this. Come, dear, be reasonable. I cannot bear the thought of your earning your own living."

"Percy, I cannot," Hazel responded, in a low tone, the quick blood dyeing cheek and brow and neck. "I cannot be dependent."

"That word should never be used by you to me, Hazel," Percy replied, gravely, "for you could not be more dependent upon me than I upon you for the comfort and happiness which I should experience by having you in my home. I need you, Hazel—I am all alone in the world."

The young girl's lip quivered and her heart throbbed painfully.

Was not she, too, alone in the world?

She longed—oh! how she longed to yield to his request!—and if he had but spoken one word of the great love that was surging in his heart—if he had but asked her to come to him as his wife—she would have thrown herself upon his breast and yielded only too willingly.

"I cannot," she repeated, with downcast eyes, but in a voice so firm that it pierced his heart like a knife.

He sighed heavily; there was a moment or two of silence, then with an effort, Percy asked in his usual kindly tone:

"How are you getting on, Hazel, in your position! Do you find it pleasant!"

"Yes," she answered. "Mrs. Stewart is very kind. Belle is good company and considerate, and my duties are neither hard nor irksome. But, Percy," she added, looking up as him and speaking in a low, eager tone, as if some sudden and important idea had struck her, "please do not let any one here suspect that you know me."

He looked at her amazed.

"Why not!" he demanded, in a stern, displeased tone, and gravely drew his lips at her strange request. "Why do you ask such an unheard of thing of me!"

"Because—of my position," she returned, flushing crimson.

"Do you imagine that I would be ashamed to be known as your friend simply because you have become a governess!" he asked, his lips curling with scorn at the idea.

"Oh, no; I know that you would never be ashamed of me for that; but if others knew that I belonged to you in any way—"

"It is very evident that you do not care to belong to me in any way," he interrupted, bitterly.

"But it might injure you."

"How!"

"People might think it very strange that I should be a governess when—when—"

"When I am abundantly able to take care of you," he supplied, as she hesitated. "Yes, I suppose they would and with reason. But what of that? You do belong to me by right of the past, and whatever your position, I believe I have sufficient moral courage to acknowledge our relations before the whole world," he concluded, with a slight smile and a very tender glance at her fair, troubled face.

"But, if I do not wish you to, Percy—if I would rather you did not!" Hazel pleaded.

She could not bear that any one should think ill of him for what was her fault alone.

He regarded her keenly for a moment.

"Hazel, I do not understand you, he said at length. "You are very much changed from my frank, confiding little friend of years ago. Am I to understand that you do not wish me to acknowledge, before these people, even a previous slight acquaintance with you?"

She was nearly weeping, his tone was so stern, his expression so displeased; but she did not wish the Stewarts, the Harwoods and the duchess to know that she had been reared as Percy Morton's sister, and now that he was rapidly rising to eminence in his profession, blame him, as she felt sure they would, for allowing her to teach for her livelihood.

"Yes, Percy," she answered, trying to speak steadily. I am afraid they would say hard things of you for what is my fault alone, and—I—"

"And you would not like them to know, either, how wilful Miss Hazel Gay is capable of being, he concluded, bitterly. "Very well," he added, after a moment of painful thought, and cut to the heart by her strange request, "I will humor you; fortunately no one knows of this interview, and since it is your wish that we should be regarded as strangers, I will not recognize you again at least until we have been formally introduced.

He bowed gravely to her, then turning on his heel, entered the house, leaving Hazel nearly heart-broken at the thought of having offended him.

Sir Henry was just coming to seek him and met him in the hall.

"Ah! here you are, Morton," he said. "I was anxious to look for you; it is about time, I think, that we had something to refresh the inner man. Here comes Mrs. Harwood and her grace, and we'll go in to tea."

The two ladies were just descending the stairs, and Sir Henry pressed her ladyship to remain to tea with them; but she refused, saying she must go to Mrs. Stewart and break the news of Helena's accident to her.

"Where is Miss Gray!" she inquired, looking around for Hazel.

"Bless my heart! I had nearly forgotten that brave girl," exclaimed Sir Henry, and he walked quickly out upon the veranda in search of her.

He found her standing just where Percy had left her and looking as pale as a snow-drop.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Gay," he said, going to her and cordially clasping her hand, "we have been very thoughtless to neglect you thus. Eh! what's the trouble here?" he added, as he noticed her pallor and how icy cold her hand was; "reaction, I imagine. Come, come, this will never do; you must have something to stir your blood, or we shall have another patient on our hands."

He drew her hand within his arm, led her briskly into the house, and then sent a servant for a glass of wine.

"Look here, Morton," he said, as Percy glanced up at their entrance, but with no recognition in his look, "this is the young lady who performed that neat little bit of surgery this afternoon. Now, Miss Gay, allow me to make you acquainted with Dr. Morton."

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Not in Hoyle.

"I turn it down," said the young lady who was playing euchre with a gentleman who had called upon her. "What do you make it."

"Hearts," was the response.

"Hearts seems to be a favorite trump with you, young man," she said archly.

"What trump would you prefer?" he inquired.

"Diamonds—or" she added in an abstracted way, "seal-skin sacques."

Editor Snort Goes on an Excursion.

The Texas Press Association recently went on an excursion. Of course, the distinguished journalists, Col. Bill Snort of the *Crosby County Clarion and Farmers' Vindicator*, was one of the excursionists. He was obliged to leave his journal in charge of his assistant, Johnny Fizzletop. As Johnny is young and flighty, Col. Snort had to give him copious and minute instructions how to run the paper.

"Now, Johnny," he said, "you to remember what I tell you, and carry out my instructions to the letter," said Snort.

"Colonel, you can rely on me; but how about paying the printers on Saturday?"

"Just tell them to wait until I come back. They are used to that, I reckon."

"But I heard the foreman say he had to have money for a new pair of pants on Saturday or he would quit."

"Well, if he gets ugly you give him an order on some of the advertisers who owe us money."

"There isn't any clothing store owing us money."

"No; but Higgins, who has the tin shop, owes us four dollars in trade."

"What good will that do the foreman?"

"Give him an order on the tin shop for a force-pump or something of the kind. That will keep him quiet until I get back."

"Suppose old Major Smith calls for the rent?

He ain't going to call. Show him the copy of the editorial in my desk. It is headed 'A Social Earthquake in Crosbyville—Major Smith Implicated.' Tell him if he insists upon the rent you will publish it."

"Suppose Miss Pegasus calls to see about publishing her poem on Autumnal Reveries?

"Tell her that if she pays in advance for seventy-five copies of the paper you will publish it, and for two dollars more you will mention it favorably as a work of genius in the editorial column. Don't do it under two dollars, Johnny."

"Anything else?"

"Don't expose the Mayor and City Council unless they give the city printing to the Argus."

"Ain't there anybody I can go for while you are gone? I want to have some fun myself."

"Go for the Czar of Russia. He ain't likely to subscribe. Let up on Bismarck or old Zweibeer, the saloon keeper on the corner, will take him and out."

"Anything else?"

"Yes, give Andy Faulkner of the Texas Central and Gibbs of the Sunset Route favorable personal notices. Be sure and say Gibbs is a genial passenger agent. That's what I always call him when I want him to give me a pass for good back home on."

"I'll do it."

"And don't forget, if Banker Paterson returns from New York, to call attention to him editorially. You might sling in some poetry—Home From a Foreign Shore. If you don't do it he will order his business card out, and we need that ten dollars a year."

"How about my grub while you are gone?"

"Bring out Pete Jackson of the Crosbyville Hotel for Congress, and he will let you have all the meal tickets you need. If he don't reciprocate, publish that item about his uncle being in the Illinois Penitentiary!"

"That ain't going to feed me."

"Johnny," replied the Colonel severely, "it don't seem to me that you have any talent for journalism.

"Yes, but I've got to eat."

"You ought to have established a free lunch route long ago. Well, I'll propose to the Crosbyville Hotel refuses to ante up, call attention to the Napoleonic mind and massive intellect of the proprietor of the American House across the way. He sets a pretty fair table."

"I'll do the best I can."

"Remember not to blackguard Cleveland unless my application for the postoffice is rejected. If he does that republish the campaign slanders of 1884.

"Is that all, Colonel?"

"Remember that if any money comes in you are to come on to St. Louis. Collect you can, but don't pay bills. You are my agent while I am absent, but you are only an agent to take in, not to pay out money. Understand?"

"Yes, I understand all right, I guess."

"If any bottles of wine from wedding parties come in, turn 'em over to the printers if they show any signs of quitting work. Is put 'em in good humor, and make them feel that they are identified with the paper."

"I'll do it."

"There is a ham sandwich in my desk. It's yours, Johnny."

"Thank you, Colonel."

"Don't forget to feed the bull pup in the back yard.

"Yes, I'll give him that sandwich, if he can bite it."

"That's right, Johnny. Look on the humorous side of life. Good-bye, Johnny," and Col. Snort started on a run to catch the train.—*Texas Siftings.*

She Had Heard it in French.

"Isn't that beautiful?" said a young man to Mrs. Newrich, as the orchestra finished playing the Marseillaise. "There is something so sublime and inspiriting about the grand old air."

"Yes," responded Mrs. Newrich, languidly. "But you should have been with me to Paris and heard it played in French."

A Reasonable Appeal.

Jones (to dog-food dealer)—I say, can't you take back that lot of dog biscuits that I bought the other day?

D. F. D.—Well, hardly! That isn't the way we do business. You came in here claiming to have a fine dog, and ordered those biscuits, and I can't see why I should take them back.

Jones—Of course, if it wouldn't be perfectly convenient, I would not ask it, but I find that I have gone to a needless expense, which, as I am just married and not very wealthy at best, I ought not to do.

D. F. D.—Your dog is not dead, I hope.

Jones—Oh, no, he is lively enough, but yesterday my wife made some biscuits, and 'twould puzzle anybody to tell them from the dog biscuits. Now, if my wife can make those biscuits at home, I don't feel as though I ought to have a box full of those expensive ones on hand.

Rubenstein & Co.

Schaumburg—"I vant you to do me schoost von little favor. I vant some confidenshal information."

Solomon Isaacs—"Vat is it do you vant?"

"Do you know if dot firm of Rubenstein & Co. vas solid?"

"Do you vant to borrow some monies from Rubenstein & Co.?"

"No, I vant to pay dem some monies."

"If you only want to pay dem monies, vat tifference to you does it make if dey vas solid or not?"

"You vas a fool. If dey vas solid I vould pay Rubenstein & Co. vat I owe and buy $50,000 more goods from 'em on credit, and den I vould go into bankruptcy mit five cents on ter dollar; but if Rubenstein & Co. vas making arrangements to go into bankruptcy, den I keeps de money vat I owes 'em and deal mit some more reliable firm. Don't you understant?"

Peace is the evening star of the soul, as virtue is its sun, and the two are never far apart.—*Colton.*

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Clocks for the Dining-Room

Clocks for the Kitchen

Clocks for the Bedroom

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For removing Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and imparting Beauty and Freshness to the Complexion, Clearness, Softness and Smoothness to the Skin.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 1874.

MR. GEO. W. LAIRD: I have received and used, with great pleasure and delight, the "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic or Toilet preparation in the market. It imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. With many thanks,

Yours, with great esteem,

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This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the *Board of Health*, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

For Sale by all Druggists Price 50 cents per Bottle

American Women Who Write.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps' name will always be associated with the work which made her famous, The Gates Ajar. She was born at Andover, Mass., August 31, 1844, and was the daughter of Professor Austin Phelps and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Her mother was a talented authoress, and at an early age Miss Phelps followed in her footsteps. The Gates Ajar, published in 1868, was followed by Beyond the Gates. An Old Maid's Paradise and Burglars in Paradise proved interesting companion books, and Doctor Zay, The Silent Partner, and Hedged In established the Puritan authoress' right to the title of novelist. Among her stories dedicated to the little folks, The Trotty Book and Trotty's Wedding Tour and Story Book are widely known. The versatile authoress has also frequently contributed to the leading magazines and weeklies, and in this line of work has covered almost as wide a range of subjects as in her general writing.

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

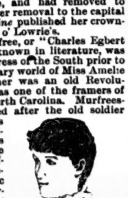
Sarah Orne Jewett was born at South Berwick, Me., September 3, 1849. Her father was Theodore Herman Jewett, a professor in the medical department of Bowdoin College, president of the Maine Medical Society and a noted writer on medical topics. Miss Jewett was educated at home, but traveled extensively through this country, Canada and Europe. At an early age she began to write for her own amusement and profit, and several stories from her pen appeared in various magazines and newspapers. Her first story to appear in book form was Deephaven, which was published in 1877. Since then she has written Old Friends and New, Play Days, A Country Doctor, A White Heron, The Story of the Normans, and various other stories of a light readable nature.

SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Frances Hodgson Burnett is generally considered as an American authoress, though as matter of fact she was born in Manchester, England, in 1849. In 1865 her parents removed to America, and settled at Knoxville, Tenn., afterwards removing to Newmarket. They had been in the United States but two years when the talented daughter published her first article in a Southern magazine. Five years later a dialect story entitled Surly Tim's Trouble appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* over her signature, and was very well received. Before her next pen sketch appeared the now popular writer had married Dr. Luan M. Burnett of Knoxville, and had removed to Washington. After her removal to the capital city *Scribner's Magazine* published her crowning success, That Lass o' Lowrie's.

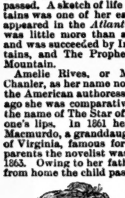
FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

Mary Noailles Murfree, or "Charles Egbert Craddock," as she is known in literature, was the best known authoress of the south prior to the advent in the literary world of Miss Amelie Rives. Her grandfather was an old Revolutionary soldier, and was one of the framers of the Constitution of North Carolina. Murfreesboro, N. C., was named after the old soldier and patriot, and it was near the ancestral village that the authoress was born, in 1850. The Civil War seriously affected the family's resources, and a paralytic stroke made Miss Murfree a cripple for life; but she bravely set to work to redeem the finances of the family and console herself for her affliction by writing. Most of her girlhood had been spent in the mountains of Tennessee, and hence, though the family removed to St. Louis, it was but natural that Miss Murfree should write of scenes amid which her childhood had been passed. A sketch of life in the Tennessee mountains was one of her earliest productions, and appeared in the *Atlantic Magazine* when she was little more than a girl. It found favor, and was succeeded by In the Tennessee Mountains, and The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountain.



"CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK."

Amelie Rives, or Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler, as her name now is, is pre-eminently the American authoress of the present. A year ago she was comparatively unknown, to-day the name of The Star of the South is on everyone's lips. In 1861 her father married Miss Macmurdo, a granddaughter of Bishop Moore, of Virginia, famous for her beauty. Of these parents the novelist was born at Richmond in 1863. Owing to her father's frequent absences from home the child passed most of her time at the home of her grandfather in Albemarle county, Va. Even in childhood she was of a singularly sensitive temperament, and widely different from her playmates. She was fond of solitude, and spent much of her time in wandering about the deserted woods. In early childhood she accompanied her parents to Paris, where she remained for several years. Since her return from this maiden trip she has divided her time between her Southern home, New York city, and Paris. Her first essay in literature was A Brother to Dragons, and was accepted by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, who remarked, not knowing its authorship, "The man who wrote this will never do anything stronger." It was published anonymously, and scored an immediate success. The Farrier Lass o' Piping Pebworth followed in *Lippincott's*, and afterwards came Nurse Crumpet's Story and the Story of Arnon. The work which has made her name famous, The Quick or the Dead, was published in *Lippincott's* of last April.



AMELIE RIVES.

Gambling in Paris Clubs.

If we may judge by the pages of M. des Perrieres, the Parisians are restless and hardened gamblers and ready to play anything anywhere with anybody, says the *London Saturday Review*. There are three places where they may play chiefly—in the real clubs, in the clubs which are open to almost any one, and which, in fact, exist only that gambling may be carried on, and in the illegal gambling houses. Of real clubs there are not many in Paris, and access is not easy; but there is no end of gambling clubs dignified by some glittering and loud sounding title.

Strangely enough there is a greater danger of being cheated in the former than in the latter, for in the gambling club there are always a lot of cheats watching each other and well watched by the proprietor, who is up to their little games, while in the real clubs, although it would be difficult for an adventurer to gain admittance, there is no suspicion, and once in, a rascal might cheat with impunity if he were cautious and not over grasping. At ecarte or piquet, where he has but one opponent to deceive, the Greek ought to be able to win what he likes; but at baccarat, where he plays against the whole table, the simple devices of *tete-a-tete* deceit must be abandoned. M. des Perrieres reveals the secrets of the players who cheat the players. By collusion with a card-room attendant, the dealer may distribute cards carefully arranged in what the conjuror would call a chaplet.

With a chaplet the dealer reduces the chances against him to those expressed in the old formula, "Heads I win, tails you lose." A thorough shuffle is a sure cure for the chaplet, and of course cutting has no effect. There are various chaplets known to the initiated. M. des Perrieres tells us of a player who was losing steadily to the dealer, and who suddenly recognized the sequence of the cards as they fell on the table. "Why, that is the Marseilles chaplet!" he cried. "The next card will be the king of hearts," and the dealer turned it up and it was the king of hearts; and then the player proceeded to declare every card before it was turned, to the great amusement of the players, who ceased betting at once. The feelings of the dealer are not described; probably language could not do them justice.

English and French Gowning.

Such commendable thinking on the absorbing question of what is fashionable as could be furnished by so good an authority in costuming as the Atradome suggests the interest the following reflections might be to our readers: Among the new fall suitings are a number of rough, shaggy tweeds, which are favored by those who like English effects in gowning. For the adherents of the French type of frocks—and they are as twenty to one in this country—there are smoothly woven twills of exquisite softness, and the smooth-faced ladies' cloth. The twills are plain, have ornamented selvages with delicate lines, or Persian designs, or else are striped and plaided with soft, subdued colors, which make no violent contrast to the groundwork color.

The Golden Rule.

Judge—Prisoner at the bar, have you anything further to state in your defence?"

Prisoner—No, my lord; just deal with me as you would with yourself if you were in my place."

An Unmistakable Hint.

During a ball, a lady discovered, sitting with a dreamy, far-away gaze. To her a gentleman from whom she had long received marked advances:

"You must surely be thinking of your future handsome husband?"

Lady—Ah, Mr. N., you seem to have a good opinion of yourself!"

At Nice.

M. le Baron (complacently)—Weally, Miss Amidon, I cawn't see what makes Mees Jenkins fleert so outwageously wiz me! What can I do to get rid of her?

Miss A.—Propose to her. She's a girl of sense.

Unfortunate Suggestion.

Elderly Maiden (to druggist's boy)—Well, I do declare, if I ain't forgot what I came for!

Boy (full of business)—Hair dye? rouge? lotion to remove freckles? wrinkle eradicator? bottle Bloom of Youth?

Elderly Maiden hails a passing street car.

A truth that one does not understand becomes an error.—*Desbarolles.*

A Silly Question.

Mr. Conch—Say, yo' Elfreedah, whar's my scrape?
Mrs. Conch—Whar's yo' scrape? Yaint dat a sens'ble quest'n, whain yo' knows dat yo' on'y daughter's done gone ter de waitah's ball?—*Scribners.*

Putting it Delicately.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion); and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—*N. Y. Life.*

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Strangers just moving into the city, to Suburban Residents and the Citizens of Toronto generally.

To STRANGERS we extend a HEARTY invitation to call and see us; we want to make your acquaintances; we want your patronage, and if you will place your grocery and provision account in OUR HANDS we will guarantee satisfaction in every particular.

To our friends living in the suburbs of the city, and who think it too much trouble for us to deliver their goods, we would say NO! it is not! We will send goods anywhere from KEW BEACH to the HUMBER. Send on your orders.

To the ladies of Toronto generally we extend a cordial invitation to come and see us, look at our goods and ask our prices.

GEO. W. SHAVER

Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa sts.

XMAS 1888

RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 9 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.

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HIGH GRADE FURS

Ladies' Fur Garments, Newmarkets, Mantles, Dolmanettes and Short Jackets, in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Mink, &c., Bear, Lynx, Opossum, Sable and Fox Boas and Muffs.

Exclusive right for the West End to sell the Queen's Own Cap, which we have in stock in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb and Astracan.

Call and Inspect Our Fur Show Rooms

466 QUEEN STREET, COR. DENISON AVE

Superfluous Hair, Moles, &c.

Dorenwend's Great System OF "ELECTROLYSIS"

Is proving itself to be the most satisfactory treatment for removal of these facial blemishes yet discovered.

Ladies are coming from near and far to be treated by us. All cures are positive, and no pain is felt in the operation. Our treatment is the only one in Canada giving entire satisfaction.

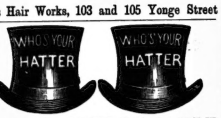
Do not throw your money away trying other treatments and methods, but come to us; we promise a sure removal.

Physicians indorse the system of "Electrolysis" as the only sure cure for superfluous hair, &c.

Particulars on application.

A. DORENWEND

Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street



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WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY

We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

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Henrietta Cloths—BLACK, AT ALL PRICES, and 20 DIFFERENT SHADES, IN COLORED, at 50c., 80c., 90c., $1, and up.

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Braid, Silk, Chamois and Curly Lamb Trimmings, TO MATCH ALL GOODS.

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

Self Measurement Slips Sent to any Address

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

Opera House. Low frocks have been the rule, as they will be next week. The opinion of some appears to be that Miss Coghlan is better suited to the high comedy she used to play than to the melo-drama she is now playing.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hoskins gave large dinner parties on Thursday and Saturday of last week.

Connoisseurs in beauty—and there ought to be many such in Toronto—may judge for themselves as to the taste displayed by the judges in the great beauty show at Spa. The first prize was awarded by the eight jurymen to Marthe Soucaret, a daughter of one of the French colonies, aged 23 years. The second prize went to Angele Delrosa, a Flemish girl, originally of Spanish descent. Marie Stevens, a Viennese, took third honor. The fourth prize fell to a Swedish girl, Olga Nadiaska. No. 1 appears to me as undoubtedly the handsomest of the group, from a purely physical standpoint. The pose of the head, the chiselled features would be perfect were not the whole slightly marred by a dash of unmistakable animalism. The second prize-winner, Angele Delrosa, I should imagine has been caricatured, not photographed, and is one of those unfortunate people who never receive justice from photography. Marie Stevens' is a lovable face, though one more expressive of a kindly heart than beauty of feature. The Swedish prize winner, Olga Nadiaska, is a type of beauty which I suspect will go off at a very early date. It is a style which is undoubtedly handsome in profile, but is lacking in the full animal beauty of Marthe Soucaret. Apart from the mere question of looks, my choice would, without hesitation, be the Austrian beauty—Marie Stevens.

An Ultra Novelty.—Production of the Atradoma, King street east, Toronto.

Personal.

Dr. Bourinot and Archdeacon Lauder of Ottawa were here on Tuesday last.

Lieut.-Colonel J. D. Wordley of Manchester, England, is making a short stay in town.

Dr. Bingham of Peterboro' and Dr. Hillier of Bowmanville are visiting Dr. Geo. A. Bingham of Isabella street.

Miss Sarah Jeannette Duncan (Garth Grafton) and Miss Lewis (Louis Lloyd) sailed from Vancouver for Japan on October 21.

Mr. Justice Robertson, Mr. C. Moss, Q.C., and Mr. McLennan of Toronto were staying at the Henderson House, Belleville, last Monday.

Mr. Henry E. Walton, of Erminie opera fame, will tour Canada in A Limb of the Law. Mr. E. A. McDowell will probably be a member of the company.

Miss Climie Ramsay, daughter of Mr. W. M. Ramsay, manager of the Standard Life of Montreal, is staying with Mr. Torrance of Jarvis street, Toronto.

Park Commissioner J. Chambers of Parkdale left town on Monday night, en route for England. He sailed by the Dominion liner, Vancouver, which left Quebec on Thursday morning.

The Two Johns is billed for the whole of next week at the Toronto Opera House. The reputation of the Two Johns as fun-makers of Falstaffian proportions, is very high on the other side of the line, according to the dictum of the Boston *Daily Globe*.

The Toronto Art League has resumed its bi-weekly meetings at the old stand in the Imperial Bank Buildings. The officers for the present term are W. D. Blashfey, president, C. M. Manley, vice-president, William Thompson, treasurer, and R. Dawson, secretary.

W. H. Strickland of Jim the Penman Co., is in the city. His really first-class attraction will occupy the boards of the Grand Opera House on Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights, November 8, 9 and 10, with Saturday matinee.

Amongst the saloon passengers per Dominion line steamship Vancouver, which sailed on Thursday, was Miss Eva Ridge, eldest daughter of Mr. C. M. E. Ridge of this city. Miss Ridge has gone to England on a visit to her aunt. All her Toronto friends wish her a pleasant and safe voyage.

The first quarterly concert for this season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music will be held at the Horticultural Pavilion on the afternoon of Saturday, Nov. 10. Among the attractions will be the debut of Mr. Guiseppe Dinelli, the violoncellist, and also the first appearance of the Conservatory's String Quartette.

Last Monday Mr. William Black, who for the past thirteen years has been with Messrs. R. W. Elliot & Co., Front street, left for New York, where he assumes a responsible position with Lauman & Kemp, wholesale druggists. That Mr. Black is a popular young man is evidenced by the fact that on Saturday his fellow-employes presented him with a gold chain, and in the evening he was dined and made the recipient of a handsome gold watch and address from the members of the Granite Club, Church street.

A very enjoyable evening was spent at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Gianelli of Parkdale on Friday last. It was a farewell party to Mr. A. B. Gianelli, late of Philadelphia, who has been visiting his relatives in Parkdale during the last three or four months prior to his departure for Italy on Monday last. Mr. Gianelli has gone on his long journey with the best wishes of the many friends he has made here during his stay, all of whom are anxiously waiting for news of his safe arrival in fair Italia. Among the guests were Rev. Mr., Mrs. and Miss Harrison, Mrs. and the Misses Gray. Mr. A. B. Gianelli, late of Philadelphia, Mr. S. and Miss McDonell, the Misses Bain, Miss Tenny, Mr. H. and Miss Shaw, Miss M. Martin, the Misses Trounce, Miss Cooper, Miss Aylesworth, Mr. R. and Miss Brayley, Messrs. M. Langmuir, Dunn, Wallbridge, Mundie, Wilkinson and Hall.

Out of Town.

OWEN SOUND.

Society is beginning to assume quite a lively appearance in our little town once more.

A very pleasant party took place last Friday at the residence of Mrs. Doble, dancing being the amusement indulged in, which was entered into with vim, the same being kept up till quite a late hour. Among those present I noticed Mrs. D. A. Cresor and Miss Cresor, the Misses Todd, Smiths, Miss Bishop, Miss Parker, Miss McDougall, Miss Killburn, Miss Tucker, Miss Edger, Miss Trethewey, and Messrs. Foster, Strathy, Tucker, Dr. Dow, Dr. Denhart, Glossop, McPherson, Scott, Marshand and Notter. It is rumored that two or three more parties are in view, of which I will give you more particulars next week.

We hear of some weddings that are to take place soon, particularly of two next month. May I be there to see.

The C. I. are practicing football with the anticipation of a match soon, and we hope our citizens will patronize them.

The Philharmonic Society, which has been under way for the last month, is progressing very favorably, and we hope the energies displayed by our leading singers will continue to go on as they are doing.

Mrs. Rowe of Berlin is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Ward of Springbank.

The building that is to contain the Bank of Hamilton is being finished rapidly, and we hear they are to commence business the middle of next month. BROOKE.

CHICAGO.

The new opera by Gilbert and Sullivan which opened in Chicago, Tuesday evening, October 23, has been the most noteworthy production in this city for some time, owing to the fact that it was produced here almost at the same time as it was in New York. The Yeoman of the Guard has proved a success here although Mr. Aronson's company is rather weak, and the piece if presented by greater talent would undoubtedly prove still better. The New York cast is certainly much superior. While there are not as many catching airs to the opera as in most of their former writings, snatches of it are already whistled on the street, notably a duet, The Merryman and His Maid, which has been repeatedly encored every night. Most of the critics are of opinion that this is a stepping stone for these authors from comic to romantic opera, as this latest effort is a combination of the two.

Everybody expressed surprise at the marked improvement in Lillian Russell's singing since last she appeared in Chicago. Her performance in the Queen's Mask, now running its fourth week at the Columbia, being remarkable good.

Kate Castleton is playing an engagement at the Chicago Opera House, in a new farce-comedy, entitled A Paper Doll, she is drawing good houses and may be said to have made a hit.

Rosina Vokes is always capable of filling a theater with a select audience, and her present engagement at Hooley's proves no exception to the rule. Miss Vokes was asked to appear at the Elks' benefit Sunday night, but sent a check for fifty dollars instead, with a note to the effect that she has always made it a rule not to play on Sundays. There are only five cities in the Union now where Sunday performances are given and the time is undoubtedly approaching when they will be a thing of the past in Chicago.

Bishop O'Mahony of Toronto stopped in Chicago a few days last week on his way to the coast. In an interview he gave it as his opinion that Canada was leaning towards independence rather than annexation.

Last week I visited one of some old Toronto boys and their business pursuits in Chicago. In addition to those I mentioned engaged in manufacturing millinery, they are here in the house of O. B. Tennis & Co. Mr. R. Fruer, one of the old travelers for the firm of Paterson Bros., Toronto. Mr. Fruer has been in Chicago about four years, but has only held a situation with the above concern a few months. He only regrets that he did not get an earlier start in this country. In the employ of the same house is Mr. J. A. Allen, whose brothers are well known as the King street jewelers. "Jim" has been here for about two years and is doing exceedingly well, and has bright prospects for the future. He served his time in the Queen's Park, and also was with Paterson Bros. Mr. James Sidey used to attend to the wants of the trade for the house of Alexander & Reid, but on coming here about four years ago turned his talents to account in the dry goods business, and may be met any morning hustling down to Storm & Hill's where Mr. Eugene McCarthy, one of Hughes Bros'. old employes, also puts in his time. "Mac," as the boys call him, has a lucrative position as private secretary to the head of the firm. His old chum Arthur Archbold forsook the dry goods and is bookkeeper in a large wholesale jewelry establishment. Mac and Arthur were always to be seen together on the streets of Toronto, Mr. Archbold also was in Hughes Bros. where his father was a silent partner. The employes of S. F. McKinnon & Co. will remember Mr. Edwards who traveled for them on the Lake Shore road a few years ago. Mr. Edwards although still a young man, and having only been here about five years, has a position in the wholesale house of D. B. Fiske & Co. that entitles him to be ranked amongst the most fortunate of the Toronto boys. He has a nice home, a charming wife and children and is also blessed with a salary of goodly proportions. W. J. HETHER.

GODERICH.

Curiosity writes from Goderich asking: "Is the Kyrle Bellew, supporting Mrs. Potter at the Grand next week, not the same Bellew who played as a first low comedian with Harry Lindley at the old Lyceum in the early seventy's, when the Holmans were in the heyday of their popularity?" No, they are merely namesakes; Kyrle is a young man.

BRANTFORD.

Socially Brantford is very dull at present, the gaieties which commenced a few weeks ago having come to a sudden and untimely end. There are parties and rumors of parties filling the air though, and "this and only this" keeps one's spirits above zero. The Whist Club have reorganized for the winter, and have already held two successful meetings in spite of the shortness of members this year.

Mrs. Edward Baxter of Fort Erie is in town on a visit to her brother, Hon. A. S. Hardy.

Mrs. Fleming of Toronto spent last week with Mrs. C. Nelles.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. H. Wilkes left last week on a short visit to New York.

Mrs. H. C. Wade and Mr. Frank Wade of Toronto spent last Sunday here, the guests of Mr. J. Y. Morton.

Mrs. Lally returned to her home at Lancingburg last Thursday.

Mr. F. T. Wilkes spent last week at Walkerton.

Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb left last Monday for their home in New Orleans, to the regret of their many Brantford friends.

Mr. Frank Waterous of St. Paul is spending a few weeks at the parental home.

Miss Greer is convalescent, and her many friends are delighted to see her about again after her recent severe illness.

OTTAWA.

On Wednesday night last Mr. Wm. Riddell, manager of Sir John Lester Kaye's extensive colonization schemes in the North-West Territories, was married to Miss Helen Forbes, daughter of Mr. Wm. Forbes, Fitzroy, and sister of Mr. Andrew Forbes, of the wholesale dry goods firm of Russell, Forbes & Co. of this city. Miss Russell is one of the handsomest girls in the county of Carleton, and Mr. Riddell is to be congratulated on his good fortune.

Mrs. Dewdney, wife of Hon. Edgar Dewdney, has not yet reached the capital, but is expected here in about ten days. The minister moved into the handsome house he has secured in O'Connor street this week. It is hoped that this home will be the scene of many a pleasant social gathering during the winter.

Mr. A. F. McIntyre, a well-known lawyer here, has been in England for many months on important business. During his absence, Mrs. McIntyre, one of the most popular ladies in Ottawa society, has been paying visits in Central Ontario. She was accompanied by her charming sister, Miss Macdonald. When Mr. McIntyre returns he will be introduced to a member of the family whom he has not yet seen. WATCHMAN.

Correct Styles.

It is the duty that a man owes to society to dress like a gentleman. This fact being universally conceded, as it incontestably is in polite society, the problem for the neophyte entering within the gates of the social world is: How does a gentleman dress? One cannot, in seeking the solution of this knotty problem, enter a clothier's shop and complacently settle the question by pointing to a roll of cloth in the window, exclaiming: "I want some of that." There must be method in this desire, and intelligence as well, to dress correctly. Richness of materials, or costliness in their price, have little or nothing to do with the taste and style of a gentleman's dress. Take the ball-room for instance. For this and all other state occasions, weddings, etc., occurring in the evening, a full dress suit is indispensable. In the present season it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in making up dress suits. The material used by leading tailors is finer than that made up for street or afternoon wear, but it is substantially the same thing. It fits the form neatly and is woven expressly for dress wear. This goods is imported direct from the London manufacturers, as well as white and colored satin dress vests, for evening wear, by the fashionable west end tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ALEXANDER—On October 25, at Toronto, Mrs. George T. Alexander—a daughter.

DAVIS—On October 27, at Toronto, Mrs. Alfred Davis—a daughter.

DAVIES—On October 21, at Oak Park, Illinois, U. S., Mrs. Edwin C. K. Davies—twin daughters.

JACKSON—On October 24, at Ingersoll, Mrs. John B. Jackson—a son.

ELLIS—On October 22, at Toronto, Mrs. M. C. Ellis—a son.

WHITNEY—On October 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Clarence T. Whitney—a son.

HAGUE—On October 25, at Kingston, Mrs. G. E. Hague—a daughter.

MCCUBBIN—On October 27, at Montreal, Mrs. W. E. McCubbin—a daughter.

WOOD—On October 29, at Ingersoll, Mrs. C. F. Wood—a daughter.

DODDS—On October 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Richard Dodds—a son.

PATTYSON—On October 31, at Davenport, Mrs. W. A. V. E Pattyson—a son.

FORESTER-WALKER—On September 4, at Canwpore, N. W. P., India, Mrs. E. Forester-Walker—a son.

HERRIDGE—On October 28, at Ottawa, Mrs. W. T. Herridge—a daughter.

DAVIS—On October 31, at Hamilton, Ont., Mrs. Æmilius Jarvis—a daughter.

RYLEY—On October 24, at Ottawa, Mrs. G. U. Ryley—a son.

TAYLOR—On June 29, at Runbury, Western Australia, Mrs. J. Foulkes Taylor—a son.

Marriages.

LEVETT—GORTON—On July 23, at Grestford, Eng., Edward Harry Levett to Nina St. George, second daughter of Lieut.-Col. Edward Gorton.

MARWOOD—PARKER—On August 21, at Coquimbo, Chili, on boa d H. M. S. Swiftsure, Rev. George Henry Marwood, chaplain R. N., to Mary Margaret Parker.

SMITH—KERR—On October 28, at Inverness, Que., Samuel Smith of Nelson, to Matilda Jane Kerr of the same place.

TERRY—BAIN—On October 24, at Toronto, Wm Terry to Annie Bain, adopted daughter of Thomas Villiers.

TYY—BAYHIM—On October 30, at Toronto, by Rev. Canon Dumoulin, M. A., Frederick Albert Vyvyan to Mary Agnes Bayham of New Orleans, U S.

LEIHAN—TRIFF—On October 24, at Scarboro, Ont., Peter Lehman of Whitchurch, Ont., to Lilly Tripp.

BLAIRLOCK—WALKER—On October 25, at Montreal, George H. E. Blaiklock to Mary Whitney Walker.

BALDWIN—EWATT—On October 23, at George's Lake, James Baldwin of Davis County, N. Y., to Margaret Ewatt of Treadwell.

FREEMAN—SMITH—On October 24, at Montreal, H. C. Freeman to Lizzie Smith of Kingston.

GOULD—MCGUIRE—On October 25, at Uxbridge, J. W. Gould to Alice Maud McGuire.

GRAVES—WELLS—At West Brome, Luther G. Graves of Iron Hill, to Hattie L. Wells.

HARRISON—MARTINDALE—On October 24, at Alliston, Rev. T. E. Harrison of Hilestown, to Ida J. Martindale.

LONG—GUERIN—On October 24, at Toronto, Wm. M. Long to Maggie Guerin.

BAKER—KELLY—On October 22, at Quebec, Robert J. Baker, to Annie Kelly of East Frampton.

BELZEA—KING—On October 21, Alexander Belzea, to Barbara Chisholm King. All of Oakville.

BAYLY—COOPE—On September 6, at Rondebosch, South Africa, Brackenbury Bayly, to Beatrice Mary Jessie Coope.

CHAPMAN—FIGGIS—On October 16, at Bray, Rev. Arthur Wellesley Chapman, to Elizabeth Mary Figgis.

JUDD—FORMAN—On October 23, at London, Ont., Joseph C. Judd, to Daisy Forman.

LEASK—HAMILTON—On August 23, at Vancouver, B.C., John Leask, to Belle Hamilton.

PARKE—TAYLOR—On August 4, at Bradwell, Derbyshire, England, Dr. John Latimer Parke of Huddersfield, to Annie Offley Taylor.

Deaths.

MURDOFF—On October 26, at Toronto, Nellie Murdoff.

ROBINSON—On October 28, at Toronto, Elizabeth Robinson, aged 78 years.

HOWELL—At Toronto, Samuel Howell, aged 78 years.

DANIELS—On October 23, at Winnipeg, Frederick Chas. Daniels, aged 29 years.

GRISE—On October 20, at Midland, Rosemary Grise, aged 18 years.

LILLIE—On October 25, at Toronto, Elizabeth Lillie.

MONTGOMERY—On October 28, at Toronto, Georgina M. A. Montgomery, aged 69 years.

MACKAY—On October 22, at Strathclair, Man., Wm. Burns Mackay of Embro, Ont, aged 24 years.

CRICHTON—On October 27, at Valleyfield, Que., Catherine Paul Crichton.

KING—On October 29, at St. Catharines, Dyson King aged 6 years.

HAWKEY—On October 29, at Toronto, L. C. Hawkey, aged 42 years.

HAWLEY—On October 29, at Toronto, Mrs. Sarah Ann Hawley, aged 69 years.

LAFAYETTE—On October 19, at London, Elizabeth Bartlette Forbes Lafayette.

POLE—On October 27, at Toronto, Frederick Francis Pole, aged 84 years.

BRUCE—On October 29, at Toronto, Sarah Bruce.

LANE—On October 29, at Toronto, James Paxton, aged nine months.

ASHFORD—On October 25, at Toronto, Gladys Ashford, aged 10 months.

KEOUGH—On October 29, in the Township of Guelph, James Keough, aged 96 years

GAMBLE—On October 13, at Chicago, William Clarke Gamble, aged 38 years.

GILMAN—On October 27, at Woodstock, Conn., Henry E. Gilman of Montreal.

LEA—On October 29, at Montreal, Jas. Lea, aged 51 years.

MUIR—On October 29, Jennie Rubina Muir.

MONK—On October 29, at Montreal, Hon. Samuel Cornwallis Monk, aged 73 years.

OGILVIE—On October 26, at Montreal, Mrs. Catherine Henderson Ogilvie, aged 84 years.

SHEA—On October 30, at Dixie, Rev. Father J. J. Shea.

BROOKS—On October 31, at Toronto, Mary Elizabeth Brooks, aged 27 years.

LATCH—On October 30, at Toronto, Wm. Latch, aged 60 years.

WILLARD—On October 30, at Toronto, Mrs. Susan Willard, aged 79 years.

One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid.

Grand Opera House

O. B. SHEPPARD - MANAGER

Thursday, Friday and Saturday

Nov. 8, 9 & 10

Matinee Saturday

MR. A. M. PALMER

Will present the Great Success of Two Seasons at the Madison Square Theater, New York, entitled

JIM, THE PENMAN

Written by Sir Charles Young

CAST OF CHARACTERS

James Ralston ..... Jos. Whiting
Louis Percival ..... Henry
Baron Hartfield ..... H. Eytinge
Captain Redwood ..... W. J. Ferguson
Lord Drelincourt ..... Harry Vernon
Jack Ralston ..... J. B. Hollis
Mr. Chapstone, Q.C. ..... W. H. Pope
Dr. Pettywise ..... Lysander Thompson
Mr. Netherby, M.P. ..... John Findlay
George, a servant ..... Edwin Mancill
Nina Ralston ..... Ada Dyas
Agnes ..... Evelyn Campbell
Mrs. Chapstone ..... May Roberts
Mrs. Chapstone ..... Courtney Raymond

The Time of the Play is the Present

SYNOPSIS OF SCENES

Acts I and II—Mrs. Ralston's apartment in the town house of the Ralstons in Regent Park. Conservatory at back.

Act III—The Library of Ardleigh Court, Ralston's Country House.

Act IV—Small Reception Room at Ardleigh Court, with breakfast Room at back.

PRICES 25c, 50c, 75c and $1.00

SEATS ON SALE MONDAY, NOV. 5

SHAFTESBURY HALL

Return of PROF. REYNOLDS, the greatest living Mesmerist of London, Eng. For 12 nights and Saturday matinee, commencing

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1888

Tickets 35 cents and 25 cents. Reserved seat plan at Claxton's Music Store, 197 Yonge street. No extra charge for reserved seats.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club

CONCERT COMPANY

At the Permanent Exhibition

MONDAY, EVENING, NOV. 5th

ADMISSION 25 CENTS

Doors open at 7:30 p. m. Commence at 8 p. m.

NICHOLLS & HOWLAND.

JACOBS & SHAW'S

Toronto Opera House

WEEK OF NOVEMBER 5, 1888

Matinees Tuesday, Wednesday & Saturday

Seventh season and undisputed success of the Laughing Whirlwind,

J. C. Stewart's Two Johns Comedy Co.

In J. C. Stewart's funniest of all funny comedies, entitled the

TWO JOHNS

And the largest Comedy Company extant, introducing

NEW SONGS, DANCES AND SPECIALTIES

NOVELTIES EVERY SEASON.

Appearing in all the principal theaters to refined and comedy appreciative audiences.

A. Q. SCAMMON, Manager.

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Remember the date, Monday November 5.

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DIVIDEND NO. 58

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of five per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after Saturday, the First Day of December next, at the office of the Company, Church street. The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board,

S. G. WOOD, Manager.

Toronto, 24th October, 1888.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT APPLICATION will be made to the Ontario Legislature and the Dominion Parliament at the next respective sessions thereof for an Act to incorporate the Toronto and Richmond Hill Railway Company, with full powers to construct and operate a double or single line of railway from a point on the line of the proposed extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway from Claremont to North Bay, or from a point on the Midland Railway or both to a point within or near the Village of Richmond Hill, thence southerly as near Yonge Street as practicable to a point within or near the City of Toronto, thence easterly and southerly to and along the valley of the Don River to the water front, thence easterly along the water front to a point at or near Victoria Park, thence northerly and westerly through or near the Villages of East Toronto and Chester to the valley of the Don and to a point in the line of the said railway, with power to make running arrangements with and crossings over other railways as may be necessary or expedient.

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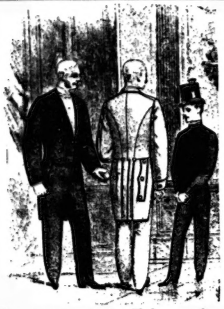

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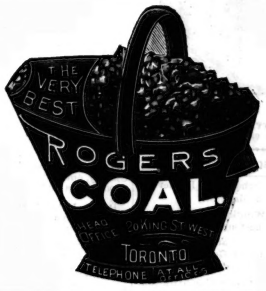

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